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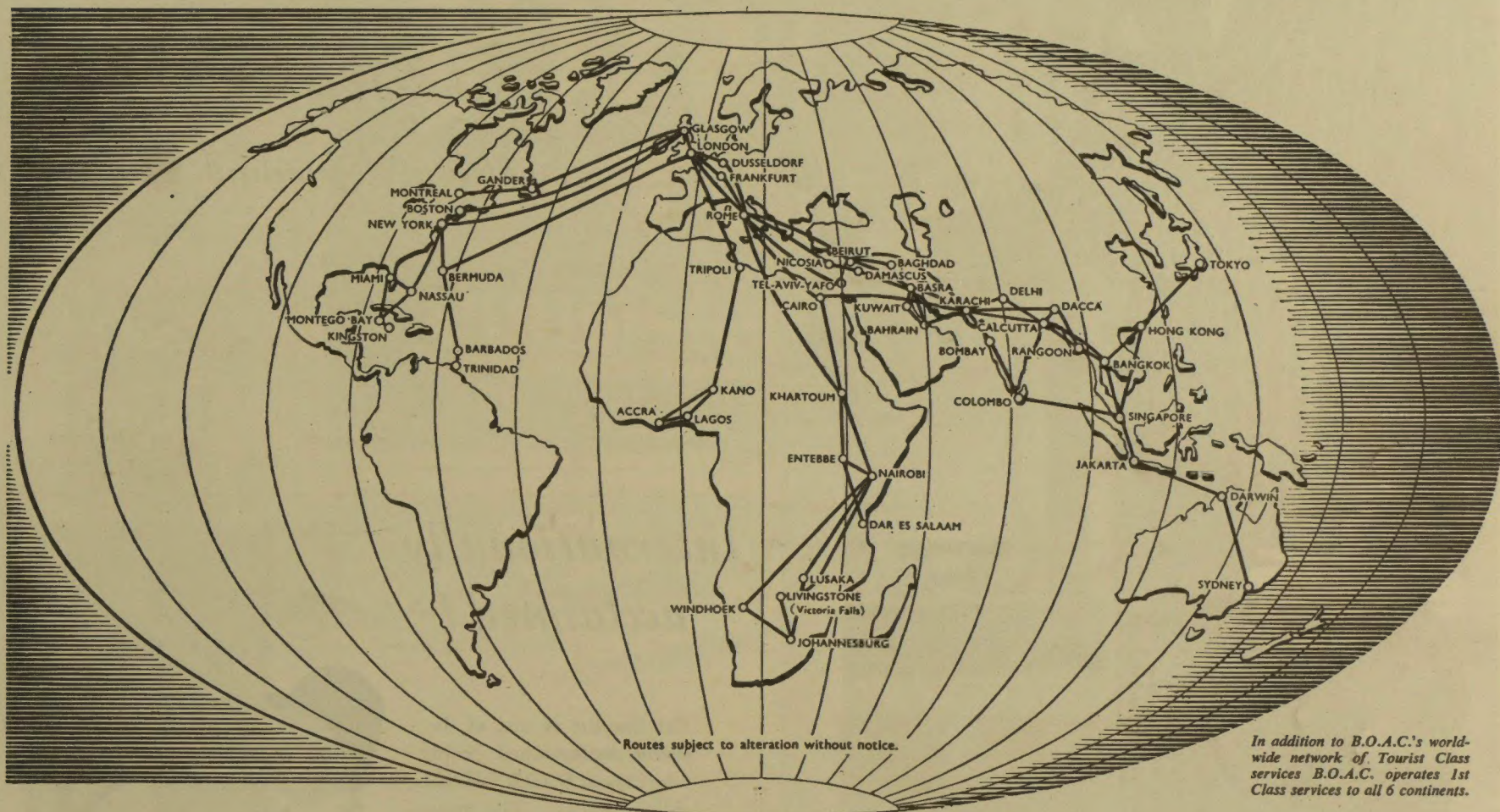
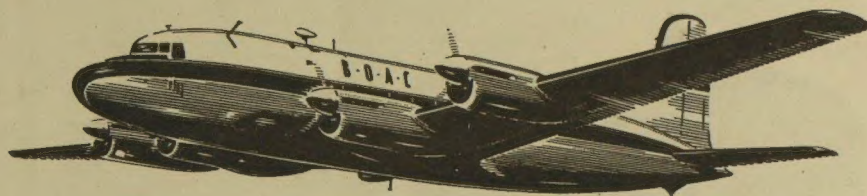


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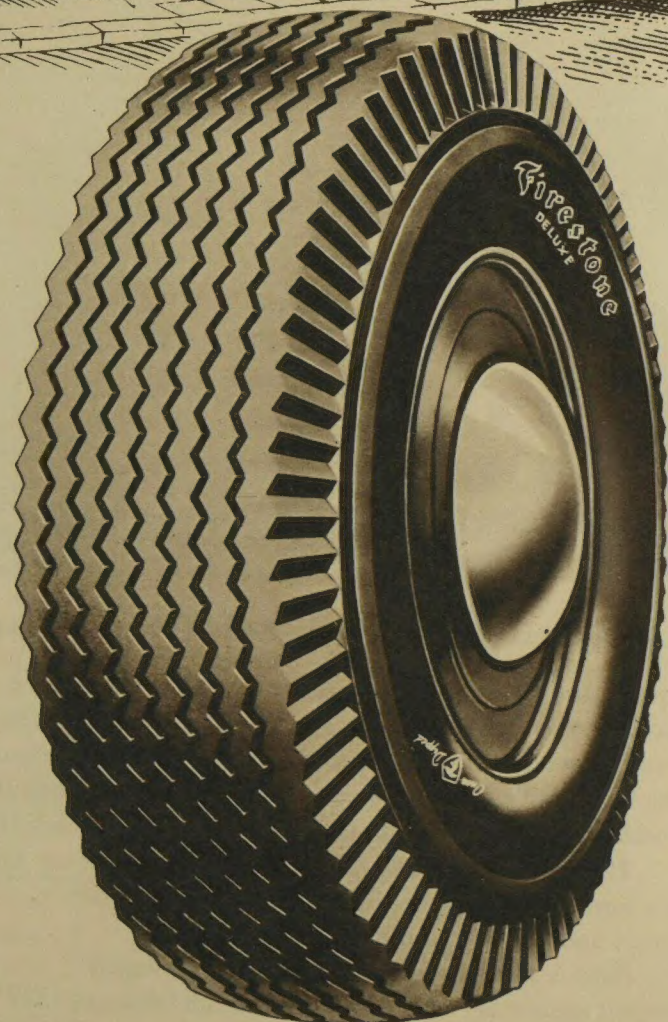
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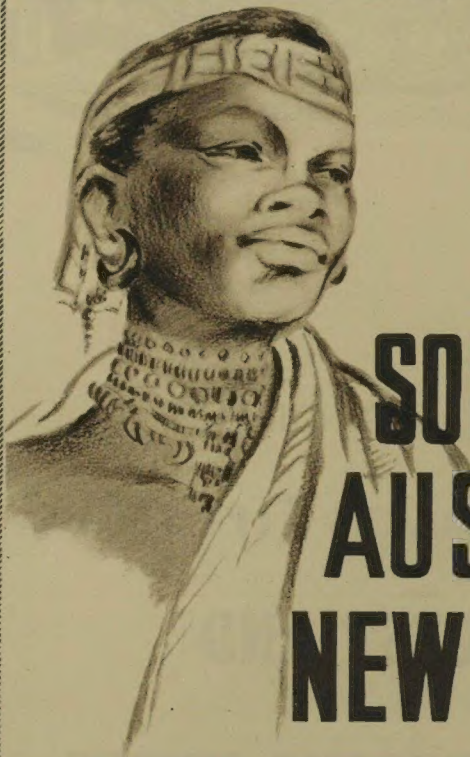


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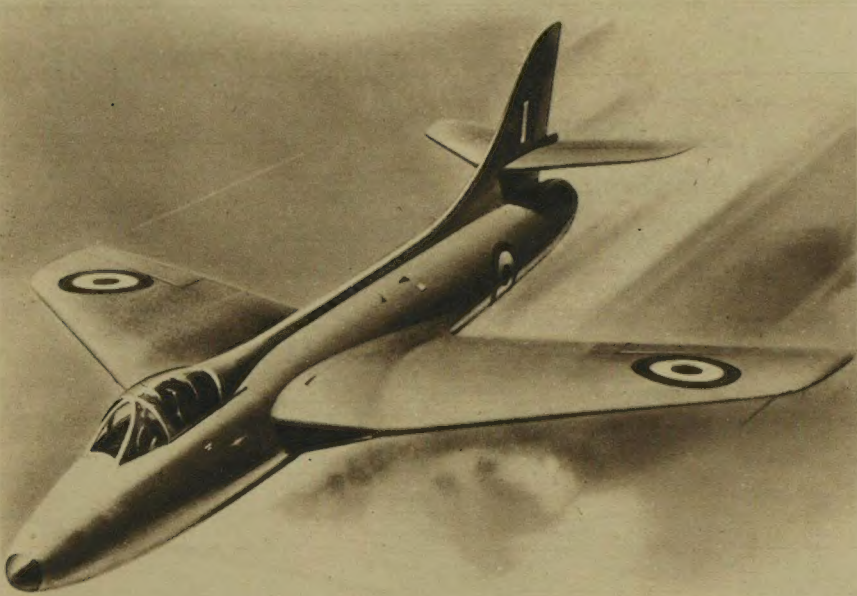
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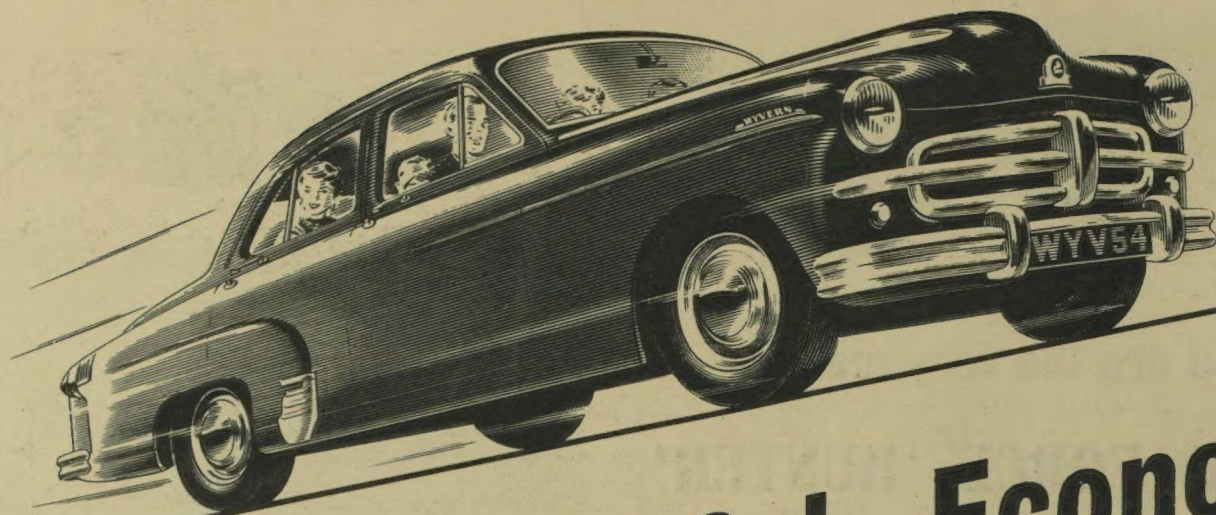


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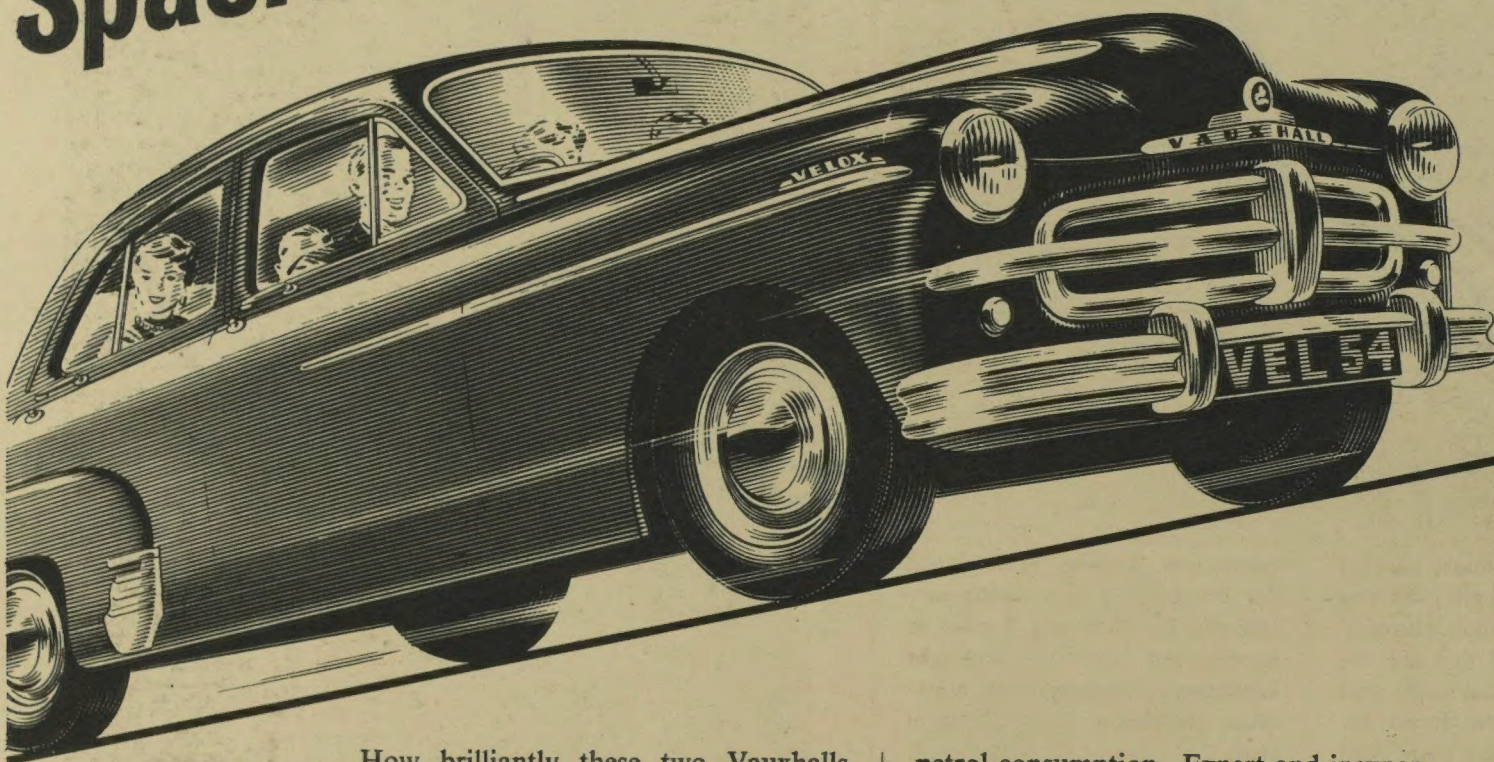
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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1954.



AT THE "POLIO" RESEARCH FUND CONCERT: PRINCESS MARGARET, A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE, WHO IN THE ABSENCE OF HER MAJESTY HAS BORNE A HEAVY SHARE OF OFFICIAL DUTIES.

Princess Margaret, a member of the Council of State appointed on November 21, prior to the departure of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the Commonwealth Tour, has borne a very heavy share of official duties during her Majesty's absence, and continues to fulfil numerous engagements every week. Our photograph shows her Royal Highness, a gracious, youthful

figure, at the concert given by Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic Orchestra in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research at the Festival Hall on March 8. She is accepting a bouquet from a little girl, Patsy Benson, who has made a practically complete recovery from "polio"; and in spite of the still-remaining muscular weakness, was able to make a creditable curtsy.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN former times when something was seriously wrong with the state of society, the remedy always came at first, not from the State, but from the prompting of the individual conscience and the individual action which followed that prompting. It was so with the heathen slums and moorland villages of the eighteenth century which Wesley won for Christendom. It was so with the foul prisons that Howard reformed. It was so with the Slave Trade and Wilberforce and Buxton; it was so with conditions in the nineteenth-century factories and Oastler, Sadler and Shaftesbury. It was so, too, with the state of our hospitals and with that wonderful and undefeatable woman, Florence Nightingale, who made it her life's work to set them right—a saint militant if ever there was one. It has been so with a thousand other and less widely publicised evils. English men and women, feeling in their conscience that something must be done, went out at great personal sacrifice and did it themselves. Later, where private persons had blazed a trail, the State and organised society followed. But the first spark of the nation's moral motive power has always been lit by the individual. The majority has been led by a crusading minority.

There is such a social evil to-day, demanding immediate action. It is the evil of neglected and undisciplined boyhood: the evil that is filling our prisons with youthful offenders and making our suburban commons and alleys places of terror for the peaceful and gentle. It is an evil which is going to get worse and to become, if it is allowed to develop unchecked, a terrible social menace. It is a menace to the aged and a menace to the young, and to every Christian value we cherish in this country. It is a menace, above all, to the boys who are allowed to grow up without restraint and guidance and to become enemies, not only to society, but to themselves. There is nothing in nature more terrible than a human being with the capacity for love, service and selflessness transformed into a purposeless bully and wastrel. Yet that is what we are to-day allowing many English boys to become. To allow that transformation to occur is a greater crime of omission than to stand by idly while a house is being burnt or a robbery committed. It is a crime against the divine spirit in man. And it is happening on a vast scale to-day; and the greatest offenders of all are the fathers and mothers of the boys.

That wonderful Scot—I must not call him an Englishman!—Colonel Gordon, in days when the appalling conditions of our industrial slums made homeless waifs as common in our streets as sparrows, was so impressed with this fact that he used to speak of the poor lads whom he rescued and converted to Christianity and disciplined manhood as his "Kings." In his eyes they were eternal souls to be won for the Master he worshipped and on whose example he strove to shape his life. They must have been every bit as rough and wild as the young hooligans who recently broke up Clubland and those others who brought the knife and murder to Clapham Common, and they had far more apparent excuse for being so. But Gordon's great heart went out to them because he recognised in them the same capacity for the divine that he felt in himself. They were his "Kings" or "Wangs"—the lords whom he had encountered in his brilliant campaign in China—and, as Lord Elton has written in his deeply moving Shaftesbury Lecture on Gordon, he "fed them, clothed them, found them jobs."* And by his love, teaching and friendship, he made them Christians like himself, following their after-careers as though they were his own children and marking their progress round the world—for many of them became seamen—with flags stuck on a wall-map in his lodgings. "God bless the Kernel," was, in the days of Gordon's Gravesend apostolate, a familiar slogan on the walls of that then depressed neighbourhood. It is illuminating to compare it with the slogans that appear in similar, and far less depressed, industrial surroundings to-day.

I was reminded of all this by a remarkable letter which appeared in the popular Press the other day over the signature of the Administrator of the Dockland Settlements. It was headed: "The Tragedy of Leaderless Youth. Wanted: Good Samaritans—and also the Cane." I have already written on this page recently about the need for an occasional and judicious use of the latter by parents and schoolmasters. But this letter, based on daily personal experience of the social problem facing us, went far deeper. "It is," Reginald Logan-Hunt wrote of the young lads who are getting themselves and others into trouble, "the lack of home discipline which allows them to get out of hand from the time they start to toddle and play in the streets without their parents realising that the gradual build-up has a cumulative effect

which they will be unable to control by the time the youngster develops a will of his own at an age younger than most people realise. They are allowed to hang around the streets with others of their kind and try to outdo each other with 'deeds of daring,' and more often than not the parents are only too glad to be rid of them. . . . The very fact that there is so little chastisement in schools these days is also an encouragement for children to be naughty. As stolen fruit always tastes sweetest, a child will always prefer to do that which it should not, and school teachers are often powerless to stop them. The rot sets in during these formative years and by the time these lads leave school they are hardened cases, very difficult to convert to the idea of respect for their elders and things that are not their own."† For anyone who goes about London or any other big city to-day with his eyes open, it is difficult not to admit that the Administrator of the Dockland Settlements is right.

What is the remedy—the immediate, personal remedy, not the remote, impersonal remedy of the abstract, theoretically all-powerful State? "Parents," Mr. Logan-Hunt continues, "should insist that their children get training in the basic principles of Christianity by joining, at an early age, the Youth Clubs which are usually to be found in industrial areas, or other organisations such as the Cubs, Brownies, Scouts, Guides, Boys' Brigade, etc., where they can be led into doing the decent things and learn to behave and treat property and persons with due respect. . . . Youth Clubs and voluntary organisations unfortunately find it extremely difficult to get men and women leaders of the right type who have the personality to attract young people to them and the patience to stand the noisiness and five-minute enthusiasms of teenagers and yet be friendly and firm. . . . What Youth Clubs also need are the specialists who are willing to give one or two evenings a week to training boys and girls in sports, physical fitness, and other interesting pastimes. . . . The trouble is how to find these men and women, and I am hoping that if any of them read this they will come forward and offer their voluntary services to their local clubs. . . . Clubs cannot

exist on enthusiasm alone, as overheads are high, but the benefit to the country and every individual would, in the long run, be well worth a little patronage of many more well-wishers if only for the money it would save the country on its corrective institutions. . . . Above all, everyone should remember that the Great Britain of to-morrow is our responsibility to-day, and the country cannot afford to develop juvenile and youthful paralysis through the disinterest of its adult population. . . . To read, hear and listen is not good enough; action is needed. . . . The recently announced distribution of part of the King George VI. Memorial Fund for encouragement of sports in youth work will do much to combat this malignant growth, but even more than that is needed—the personal contact of disciplined people."

I have quoted from Mr. Logan-Hunt's letter at length because I believe it to be of immense importance to the future of this country. The opportunity of service is there; and the need overwhelming. What he is saying is: "Come into Macedonia and help us!"

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NELSON'S HEADQUARTERS FROM 1784 TO 1787: ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA, THE RUINED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOCKYARD, FUNDS FOR WHOSE RESTORATION ARE EARNESTLY NEEDED; A VIEW SHOWING THE ROOFLESS BUILDINGS AND YACHTS AT ANCHOR.



THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, WHERE LORD NELSON LIVED FROM 1786 TO 1787: A VIEW OF THE DILAPIDATED BUILDING, SHOWING A BUST OF THE ADMIRAL ON A BRACKET, A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT NAVAL COMMANDER IS REPRODUCED ON OUR FACING PAGE.

English Harbour, Antigua, the naval dockyard associated with Admiral Lord Nelson (it was his H.Q. from 1784 to 1787), was abandoned by the Royal Navy in 1899; and since then the harbour from which Rodney's ships sailed out to the Battle of the Saints; into which Nelson put during the pursuit of the French before Trafalgar; and where the giant capstans still stand which heeled Nelson's ships over when they needed careening, has steadily fallen into decay, while the Admiral's House where Nelson lived when Captain of the *Boreas* and acting C-in-C. of the Leeward Islands; and the Officers' Quarters, are ruins. This state of things has troubled successive Governors of the Leeward Islands, and in 1950 the Friends of English Harbour was inaugurated in Antigua. Subsequently, following an article in *The Times* by the present Governor, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, an appeal for funds was launched in England, for it would not be possible to raise the £40,000 needed in Antigua. Progress in repair has been slow but steady, and annual yachting events have been planned to encourage the use of the fine harbour; but many more subscriptions and donations are needed, and will be gratefully received by the Hon. Sec., English Harbour Repair Fund, 27, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

* "Shaftesbury, Gordon and To-day"; Lord Elton. (Published by the Shaftesbury Society.)

† *Daily Mail*, March 9, 1954.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF A GREAT HERO: ADMIRAL LORD NELSON; BY JOHN DOWNMAN, R.A.

This pencil and water-colour drawing of Admiral Lord Nelson (1758-1805) has never before been published. It is from an album of "Original First Studies of Portraits of Distinguished Persons by J. Downman, a Member of the Royal Academy"; and is inscribed "Who conquered foes with wondrous spoil," and dated 1802. *The Illustrated London News* has on several occasions called attention

to the state of decay of English Harbour, where Nelson commanded when in the West Indies, and the Admiral's House, Antigua, where he lived in 1786-87. The English Harbour Repair Fund was formally launched in 1953, but the response to the appeal has fallen short of the £40,000 needed. Photographs of English Harbour and the Admiral's House appear on the facing page.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE HELICOPTER: SOME EXAMPLES OF THE DEVELOPMENT

That some of man's earliest thoughts on flying were directed towards the rotary-wing type of aircraft is illustrated by the fact that centuries ago the Chinese, for example, played with toys resembling model helicopters. Although many engineers throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries designed and built models incorporating the rotary-wing principle, it was not, however, until 1907 that the first helicopter, piloted by a French engineer, Louis Breguet, left the ground. Since those pioneering days the helicopter has reached an advanced state of development and is available, as illustrated by our Special Artist above, in a wide variety of types and sizes. Ideas vary, however, among designers as to the best method of getting satisfactory lift, coupled with stability, speed and safety.

There have been many different ways, for instance, of counteracting the torque of a single main rotor, although to-day a small propeller at the tail is the generally accepted method. Although three-blade rotors are to-day the most popular, Piasecki in America and the Bristol Aeroplane Company have both built tandem-rotor helicopters, while Kaman and others in the U.S.A. have successfully developed an ingenious intermeshing rotor system, using two twin-blade rotors. Formerly the method of drive has been, generally speaking, a radial type engine using a shafting connection to the rotor and anti-torque tail airscrew. In many cases in the past few years, however, the method used has been to place ramjets or pulsejets at each rotor-blade tip—no anti-torque rotor is required.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



OF ROTARY-WING AIRCRAFT DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

since no torque is generated in the fuselage with tip-mounted engines. The latest development, however, is the pressure jet, when the helicopter is powered by turbojet engines which supply gas pressure through ducts leading up the rotor shaft and out of the tips of the rotor blades. This method is to be used in the new Fairchild Rotodyne now under construction. The U.S.A. at present lead the world in the post-war development of the helicopter and possess both the largest and smallest types. The Hughes XH-17, which may well be the forerunner of powerful cargo-carrying helicopters; and the American Helicopter Company's single-seat pulsejet-driven XH-26, which has been designed to be collapsed into a container 5 ft by 5 ft by 14 ft and dropped by parachute from a transport. The

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

most attractive feature of the helicopter is, of course, its ability to land in, and take off from, a small area. Yet, compared with the conventional aeroplane, its speed is painfully slow. Designers are, therefore, endeavouring to combine the manoeuvrability of the helicopter with the speed of a jet aeroplane. One of the difficulties they have encountered is that the faster the helicopter travels the less is the lift of the rotor blades. B.E.A. hope, however, to have built a fast thirty-to forty-five-seat helicopter within a few years, and many authorities look forward to the time when such machines will handle a great volume of inter-urban transport. The Royal Navy's first anti-submarine helicopter squadron, consisting of Sikorsky S-55 ten-seat aircraft, was expected to go into service this week.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

COLLECTOR'S PROGRESS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IN 1925 Mr. Frank Burnap and the late Mrs. Burnap found themselves in the Highlands of Scotland "not," as they said at the time, "on a shopping expedition." Nevertheless, they acquired a Chippendale mirror and six Chippendale chairs, and within four or five years had filled their house at Kansas City with old furniture. In 1929 they returned to Great Britain and fell in love not with the smooth sophistication of porcelain, but with the close-to-earth roughness of pottery, keeping in their mind's eye that notable inscription placed by Ralph Wood on a jug in 1770, "We make our pots of what we potters are." From those beginnings they built up with knowledge and enthusiasm not an accumulation, but a carefully chosen collection of English earthenware, which they presented to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery in Kansas City in 1941; and which has since been enriched with many choice pieces. Indeed, the collection, which totals more than a thousand items, cannot yet be called complete, for Mr. Burnap, now ninety-two years young, is, I am told, as interested as ever.

The Museum has been good enough to send me a copy of the recently published illustrated catalogue, which makes it abundantly clear that there is in existence in the centre of the United States an array of the work of the English potters from about 1650 to 1800 (the one exception is a fourteenth-century jug) which can take its place beside those at Cambridge and in London. The three pieces illustrated here give some indication of the range and quality of this splendid gift. Of all the slip-ware dishes which have survived three centuries or so—and many have appeared on this page from time to time—my vote goes to the hare dish of Fig. 1 (Staffordshire, or just possibly Wrotham, in Kent, about 1670-80), not because of its rarity—and it is rare enough—but because of its vigorous drawing and beautiful spacing. Such a freely drawn animal, not very close to nature, but springing from a rustic brain with a powerful sense of design, makes one think of certain early Persian

is, a creamy mixture of clay and water—was trailed over the dish in lines or dots as required from a small receptacle fitted with a quill spout—exactly as a birthday cake is decorated by means of an icing funnel. In other types the slip would be painted over a fairly large surface or applied by means of moulded pads. The ware is rough and coarse and, for ordinary household pots and dishes, was unquestionably produced in considerable quantities as earthenware began to supplant pewter and wood. Not unnaturally, pieces made for utility purposes would suffer more casualties in the rough-and-tumble of the normal kitchen, and they were, in any case, more easily broken than their modern counterparts.

The big decorative dishes of the same breed as this hare dish are rare indeed, but those which do exist are with us because they were mostly made for special occasions—weddings and coronations, for example—and were therefore from the beginning accepted as household gods, though, I dare say, as time went on many a newly-wed threw them away as out of fashion and not at all genteel. The naturalist who perhaps demands accurate and literal representation may criticise the two birds of Fig. 3 for the same reason as he objects to the hare. They are called

hawks, and to my untutored eye possess also some of the characteristics of pigeons. None the less, apart from their rarity (they are believed to be unique), they are fine examples of powerful modelling; and whoever made them has succeeded in giving them a thoroughly sinister look. They date from about the middle of the eighteenth century, and are of agate ware—that is, of that variegated veined body made by several layers of different-coloured clays placed one above the other, and then rolled or doubled over, cut through with a wire and then moulded—a tedious and comparatively lengthy operation. For that reason its popularity was brief. The technique is connected with both Astbury and Whieldon, and authorities are, not without reason, a little diffident as to which of these two notable potters is to be given most credit for the innovation. One theory gives most of the figures to the former and most of the table ware to the latter, which would appear to reduce the problem, such as it is, to an over-simple formula. Whatever the explanation, a distinction is to be made between this Astbury-Whieldon solid agate ware, and the later (1770's and 1780's) so-called agate ware produced by Wedgwood and Bentley, which has a normal body covered by a variegated surface glaze. What is particularly pleasing about these two hawks is the way in which the texture of the feathers is suggested by the veining of the material.

With the stallion of Fig. 2, we are right at the end of the century and decidedly romantic, though no nearer a direct transcript from nature than before.

This, surely, is the nursery notion of a circus animal, or—with slight deformations—an effigy of one of those noble chargers to be seen carrying generals in the battle pictures of the period. Truly "the horse is a noble animal and the friend of man," and also a creature that knows how to pose, with the wind blowing through mane and tail, to have his portrait

modelled. Mane and tail, brown; markings, dapple-grey; halter, yellow; brow-band, green. At first sight he is a little puzzling, for his forelegs are stock-still while his hind-quarters are moving forward, but I am sure that so inspiring a nursery creature can be allowed a certain poetic and even anatomical licence. If a modern sculptor played a similar trick on us we

would probably—(no, perhaps)—raise our hats and say how clever he was to show us two characteristic poses at the same time; when an unknown Staffordshire modeller does the same we smile condescendingly and point out that he didn't know any better. All the same, for a cottage mantelpiece ornament what a lively, forceful beast, full of fire and individuality, and how different from the machine-made creatures which began to come off the production line very soon afterwards! These were the qualities which first fascinated two American tourists in 1929, and the collection has been built up accordingly. It presents a wonderfully balanced picture of

the progress of the craft, and does not by any means confine itself to pieces of exceptional rarity; it has its fair share both of forceful rusticity and of genteel horrors, among which I myself, contrary to the opinion of the best people, insist upon placing



FIG. 1. STAFFORDSHIRE, OR JUST POSSIBLY WROTHAM, IN KENT, c. 1670-80: AN ENGLISH POTTERY DISH WITH A HARE IN WHITE SLIP ON A RICH, REDDISH-BROWN GROUND. (Dia., 16½ ins.)

"Such a freely drawn animal," writes Frank Davis, "not very close to nature, but springing from a rustic brain with a powerful sense of design, makes one think of certain early Persian plates and of mediæval Hispano-Moresque ware, and is a most unusual phenomenon anywhere in Europe as late as the seventeenth century."



FIG. 2. IN STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY: AN ENGLISH STALLION, c. 1800, WITH BROWN MANE AND TAIL, DAPPLE-GREY MARKINGS, YELLOW HALTER AND GREEN BROW-BAND. Height, 16½ ins.; length, 13½ ins.

"... for a cottage mantelpiece ornament what a lively, forceful beast, full of fire and individuality, and how different from the machine-made creatures which began to come off the production line very soon afterwards!"

Illustrations from the Burnap Collection; by courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Atkins Museum of Fine Art, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.

plates and of mediæval Hispano-Moresque ware, and is a most unusual phenomenon anywhere in Europe as late as the seventeenth century. The hare is seen against a rich, reddish-brown ground; the decoration is buff. Let all women icing a birthday cake for their children take note of the technique. The slip—that



FIG. 3. IN AGATE WARE: A PAIR OF ENGLISH POTTERY HAWKS, c. 1750. Height, 11 ins.

These English pottery birds, called hawks, are believed to be unique. "They... are of agate ware—that is, of that variegated veined body made by several layers of different-coloured clays placed one above the other and then rolled or doubled over, cut through with a wire and then moulded—a tedious and comparatively lengthy operation."

the neo-classic experiments of the great Wedgwood in dreary black, so well-modelled, so fine, so dry, so uninspired, so deadly, flatly, suet-puddingly prim and suburban. But why shouldn't the people of Kansas City not see us when we became respectable and had lost our first youth? Of course they should, and in this collection they can follow the whole story.



AN INCIDENT THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: STUDENTS ROLLING OUT A RAGGED, MOTH-EATEN CARPET FOR HIM TO WALK ON.



AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY ON MARCH 4: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND SIR CHARLES LOWE, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY; SITTING IN MEMORIAL CHAIRS ON THE DAIS.



"ARMED" WITH T-SQUARES: ARCHITECTURAL STUDENTS AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY FORMING AN UNUSUAL GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE SMILING DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



WEARING FORMAL DRESS MINUS TROUSERS: A STUDENT AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PRESENTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.



(ABOVE.) SURROUNDED BY SMILING STUDENTS DURING THE UNIVERSITY "RAG" IN MELBOURNE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (HATLESS AND LAUGHING—RIGHT-CENTRE).



PRESENTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH A BOUQUET OF LOLLIPOPS: A STUDENT DRESSED AS "PRETTY LITTLE ANNABELLE" IN A WHITE FUR CAPE AND STRAW HAT.



"VAMPING" THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: A STUDENT, 6 FT. 4 INS. TALL, WHO DRESSED AS "PRETTY LITTLE ANNABELLE."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENJOYS A "RAG": SCENES AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.

When the Duke of Edinburgh visited Melbourne University on March 4, the students took over and a "rag" developed which his Royal Highness appeared to enjoy quite as much as those who arranged it. A "guard of honour" was composed of architectural students, who carried T-squares at the slope, and were clad in fancy dress. A feature of the tour, the inevitable bouquet presentation by a small girl, was parodied by a student, 6 ft. 4 ins. tall, who wore a

skirt, fur cape and black curls. As "Annabelle" he presented the Duke with a bouquet of lollipops and swooned when the Duke returned one to him. The student chosen to deliver a speech of welcome told the Duke that he would cut it to a one-and-a-half-hour summary, and then threw the sixteen pages into the air. Outside Union House, the students' club, a ragged, moth-eaten carpet was unrolled for the Duke to walk on.

FAREWELL TO VICTORIA: SCENES DURING THE LAST DAYS OF THE TRIUMPHANT ROYAL TOUR.



WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: A FLY-PAST AT THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE BASE AT POINT COOK ON MARCH 6.



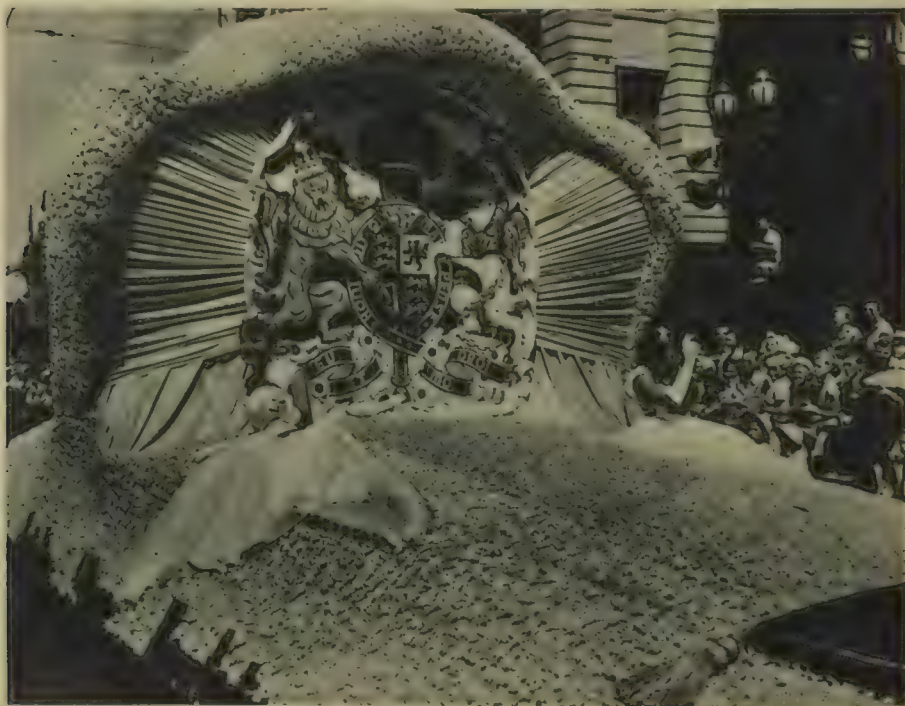
AT THE LAST OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT DURING THE TOUR OF VICTORIA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT A STATE RECEPTION IN EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELBOURNE, ON MARCH 8.



BEING PRESENTED WITH GOLD NUGGETS: HER MAJESTY, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT THE RECEPTION AT BENDIGO, VICTORIA, ON MARCH 5.



WALKING DOWN A LANE LINED WITH CHEERING CHILDREN: THE QUEEN AT ROCHESTER IN THE BACKGROUND THE DUKE IS WAVING AT SOME OF THE SMALL SPECTATORS.



A PROCESSION WHICH ADDED COLOUR TO MELBOURNE ON THE QUEEN'S LAST DAY IN THE CITY: ONE OF THE FLORAL FLOATS WHICH DEPICTED BETWEEN THEM THE AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE STATE.

Continued.

two gold nuggets; and at Echuca she accepted a "Waltzing Matilda" doll for her children. The Royal party spent the night on board the train before the journey back towards Melbourne, which ended at Warburton where they spent the week-end. On March 6 the train halted at the Royal Australian Air Force

ON March 5 thousands of people saw the Queen and the Duke as they toured the northern districts of Victoria in the Royal train. After some chopping and changing of the programme in the "polio risk" towns of Castlemaine and Maryborough, the train stopped for a few moments at both places while the Royal visitors came to the observation platform of their coach to exchange addresses of welcome with the local mayors. Both stations were full of cheering adults and children. At Bendigo the Queen received a gift of

(Continued from page 437)



A FAREWELL SMILE FOR THE PEOPLE OF ECHUCA ON MARCH 5: THE QUEEN HOLDING A "WALTZING MATILDA" DOLL MADE BY ECHUCA GIRL GUIDES FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

base at Point Cook. After a quiet two days at O'Shannassy Chalet, Warburton, the Queen and the Duke returned to Melbourne on March 8. On this, their last evening in Victoria, they attended a State Reception in Exhibition Building. Next day they left for Brisbane by air.



(ABOVE.) DURING A QUIET WEEK-END IN TYPICAL BUSH COUNTRY NEAR WARBURTON, VICTORIA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN THE GROUNDS OF O'SHANNASSY CHÂLET.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh spent the last week-end of their visit to Victoria quietly, with no official engagements, at O'Shannassy Châlet, a mountain retreat in typical bush country, near Warburton, sixty miles from Melbourne. On Sunday, March 7, the Royal visitors attended Divine Service in a small church in Warburton. Two days later, on March 9, the Queen and the Duke bade farewell to Melbourne and flew 890 miles to Brisbane, capital of tropical Queensland. A crowd of 5000 watched them being welcomed at the airport by Lieut.-General Sir John Laverack, with whom the Royal visitors stayed at Government House, and by the State Premier, Mr. V. C. Gair. On March 13 the Queen and the Duke visited the State's most northerly city, Cairns. They had sailed up the coast in the liner *Gothic* and transferred at sea to H.M.A.S. *Anzac*, as Cairns harbour is too shallow for the *Gothic*. At the city's showground, Parramatta Park, there were speeches and presentations and a magnificent display of tribal miming by a group of islanders from the Torres Straits. Later, while the Queen and the Duke were touring the ground in a Land Rover, one of these burly young men fainted as they passed.



ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN WARBURTON: THE QUEEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE LITTLE WHITE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW'S ON SUNDAY, MARCH 7.



JUST AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE PASSED AT CAIRNS: A MEMBER OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF TORRES STRAIT ISLANDERS WHO FAINTED. (Radio picture.)



ARRIVING IN QUEENSLAND BY AIR: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, BEING GREETED AT BRISBANE AIRPORT BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR JOHN LAVERACK. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE MR. GAIR, THE STATE PREMIER, AND HIS WIFE. THE QUEEN THEN DROVE TO A CIVIC RECEPTION IN BRISBANE.



THE QUEEN ON BOARD H.M.A.S. ANZAC OFF TOWNSVILLE. THIS PICTURE, TRANSMITTED BY RADIO TO SYDNEY, IS STATED TO HAVE COVERED THE GREATEST DISTANCE OF ANY RADIO PHOTOGRAPH TO REACH THIS COUNTRY FROM A SHIP AT SEA.

THE ROYAL TOUR: SCENES DURING THE-LAST WEEK-END IN VICTORIA; AND IN TROPICAL QUEENSLAND.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON the threshold of the breeding season, the most obvious heralds, the birds, are tuning up at dawn. There are skirmishes as territories are staked out. Early nesters, like the blackbirds, can already be seen with dry leaves and other nesting materials in their beaks. Soon nest-building will be in full swing, a phenomenon so commonplace that one is diffident about mentioning it even, yet so remarkable that its full significance is difficult to put into words.

There is in the woods near by a tall spruce, the trunk bare of branches except in its upper third, and there they are sparse and slender. Three years ago a hawk built its nest there, a platform of tangled sticks perched to all intents precariously across the fork formed by two adjacent branches. The nest was used only that once, so it has received no repairs or strengthening. In the interval we have had the usual processes of decay. We have had high winds that swayed the top of the spruce in spite of its sheltered position. There have been falls of snow to overweight the fragile platform and deluging rain to beat on it. But the platform still holds, even if slightly more ragged than formerly. Even so, it is still recognisable as a nest. For me it epitomises the skill that goes into nest-making, and every time I pass and look up at it I wonder whether if I had made that nest it would still be so intact.

I have never tried making a cup of grass and lining it with mud, or a cup of moss or horsehair. Even less should I care to have the task of weaving a perfect cup of spider's web as some small birds do. Just to make a nest of daubs of mud, as firm as swallows and martins build, would be beyond me. Yet I have a pair of hands specially adapted for grasping, ten digits for holding and manipulating fine materials and (presumably) a brain of greater capacity than any of the beings that weave nests in hedgerows or in trees. It is, of course, easy to over-write this yearly phenomenon. We are merely seeing the results of a blind instinct, of an innate skill.

When man first became conscious of self one of the first things he became aware of, in all probability, was this skill to fashion, and to make. Long before he became aware of himself, however, he possessed an appreciation of mechanical devices. The ancestors of Neanderthal man and the rest, farther back than we have yet unravelled their history, may have built platforms of branches in the trees or on the ground, as the gorillas now do. Doubtless they were as enduring as my hawk's nest and built with as much cunning, but the skill that later emerged from these crude beginnings led mankind to greater and greater feats of construction and engineering. These emergent skills have brought us now to the stage that we pause and look at the feats of the lesser beasts only to express surprise that they possess abilities which we tend to regard, in our absorbed awareness of self, as our prerogatives. It is a kind of inverted anthropomorphism. True anthropomorphism is the ascribing to animals human motives and intentions. This inverted anthropomorphism is the tendency to deny any possibility that human skills, which we tacitly assume to be based primarily on our monopoly of reasoning, should occur in animal species lower in the scale.

However, birds are not the only things that build nests, although naturally we find some of the finest examples in their work. This is as it should be. Not only are their clawed toes adaptable for the purpose, but they are gifted with good eyesight and, in addition, the beak is a very useful all-purposes tool. On the other hand, mammals make a respectable nest or, if not that, construct a home requiring some appreciation of mechanical laws. As to mammalian nests proper, that made by a mole is

UNIVERSAL NEST-BUILDING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

perhaps the most remarkable. It is a crude nest by human or bird standards, yet it is a nest, fashioned by an animal bereft of eyesight, in the normal sense of the word, and having hands perfect for digging but not for weaving. But perhaps the most remarkable



BOWERBANK'S CLASSIC DRAWING OF A UNICELLULAR ORGANISM WHICH, BECAUSE OF THE WAY IT PICKED UP AND ARRANGED SPONGE SPICULES AROUND ITSELF, WAS AT FIRST MISTAKEN FOR A SPONGE.

thing about nest-building is the way it appears down through the animal scale. Tortoises show considerable skill in excavating the hole for their eggs and

nest of mud, a beautifully symmetrical dome, as aesthetically pleasing as anything from the potter's wheel. Lower still in the scale we have the surprisingly beautiful tubes of sand-grains fashioned by the marine bristle-worms, not nests in the usual sense, but homes nevertheless, and in the bristle-worms the brain and the nervous system are as nearly incipient as they can be. So we come to the generalisation that throughout the animal kingdom, from the point where a brain first becomes manifest, if no more than as a knot of simple nerve-cells, there is inherent what can only be called an appreciation of mechanical devices.

There may be in this a novelty in presentation and an idea which may be the basis for debate. There may even be an exaggeration. Even so, however far-fetched the comparisons made up to this point, they cannot be ruled out as completely fantastic. We can, even if we have to stretch the imagination somewhat, concede that animals having a central nervous system, however simple, and organs of manipulation, if only the simple tentacles of the bristle-worm, are capable of mechanical construction and, if we may repeat the phrase, an appreciation of mechanical devices. It is, however, cause for some surprise when something, to all appearances similar to nest-building, should be detected in the lowest forms of life lacking any obvious nervous system, certainly without any brain of any kind, and completely devoid of manipulative organs. I refer here to certain sponges.

Many sponges have a skeleton of isolated units of silica known as spicules. Some of these sponges bear their embryos in a plain capsule, or protective envelope, but others use the spicules to enclose the embryo in an even more stoutly-built protective coat. The writers of last century sometimes referred to such a coat of spicules as a nidus—which is merely a Latin word for nest—though later we have become accustomed to speaking of it and its contents as a gemmule. The outstanding thing about these protective coats, which look so singularly like our popular conception of a nest when magnified, is the manner of their construction. The isolated spicules of which they are composed are laid down throughout the body of the sponge by particular sets of cells. As the embryo takes form, other cells, completely autonomous in their action and having no central control in the form of a nervous system, pick the

spicules up and transport them to the nidus, there depositing them in an orderly fashion to construct a basket of which a human craftsman would not be ashamed.

The inference is that nest-building or any other form of construction is not an ability confined to the total activities of an organism as a whole, but is inherent also in the individual cells comprising that organism. From this it seems permissible to say that even the individual cell has an appreciation of mechanical devices. Support for this is seen in the activities of one-celled animals, such as the Foraminifera, in which the single cell will clothe itself in sand-grains or other materials, selecting those of the right size, grading them and placing them in orderly sequence around itself.

In a sense, all that has been said here is merely stating the obvious, for if there were not, even in the individual cell, an appreciation of mechanical construction—call it what

you will—how else could the animal (or plant world for that matter) have come into being in its present form? The bird building a nest, or man building a castle, is obeying an impulse so deep that words merely serve to mark our ignorance of its ultimate nature.



GEMMULES OF A FRESHWATER SPONGE. WITHIN THE NETWORK OF SILICEOUS SPICULES OF THE MAIN SKELETON ARE FIVE GEMMULES BUILT OF SIMILAR BUT SMALLER SPICULES. THESE GEMMULES ARE ENCLOSED IN SPHERES OF INTERLACED SPICULES CONSTRUCTED BY THE ACTION OF INDIVIDUAL AND AUTONOMOUS CELLS. BY AN UNINTENTIONAL TRICK OF PHOTOGRAPHY THE NEST-LIKE NATURE OF THE GEMMULES IS EMPHASIZED, SUGGESTING THAT EVEN IN THE LOWER ANIMALS THERE IS AN APPRECIATION OF MECHANICAL DEVICES.

Photograph by D. A. Kempson.

filling it up again. Sticklebacks make a respectable nest of grass or other water-plants. Bees, wasps and ants are so well known for their architectural or engineering skills that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Spiders, too, call for little comment. Even the humble millipede will make a very respectable

TO SUPERSEDE THE "BATSMAN": THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW DECK-LANDING AID.

A BRITISH invention, originally conceived by Commander (E) H. C. N. Goodhart, to help the Royal Navy to land the faster aircraft of the future on to the flight-decks of aircraft carriers was announced by the Admiralty on March 15. This new deck-landing aid will, subject to the success of further trials, ultimately supersede the familiar "batman." The landing aid is a large curved mirror which the pilot watches as he approaches the carrier from astern. A gyro-operated mounting keeps this mirror at a constant angle to the ship and the horizon. On either side of the mirror are rows of coloured lights, and further aft is a row of white lights which shine into the mirror and produce a blob of light, watched by the pilot as he approaches. If the blob remains in line with the coloured lights on

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) A SIGNALLING SYSTEM WHICH WILL SUPERSEDE THE HAND-SIGNALLING OF THE "BATSMAN": THE NEW DECK-LANDING AID RIGGED ON THE PORT SIDE OF H.M.S. *ILLUSTRIOUS*' FLIGHT-DECK.



TO ENABLE PILOTS TO LAND AT SPEED ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER AT THE CORRECT ANGLE: A CLOSE-UP OF THE NEW VISUAL DECK-LANDING AID, WHICH CONSISTS OF A LARGE CURVED MIRROR WITH A ROW OF COLOURED LIGHTS ON EITHER SIDE.

[Continued.] either side of the mirror, the pilot knows that he is landing at the correct angle to the deck. Since the pilot must watch the deck-landing gear and cannot, therefore, look down to his air-speed indicator, an instrument fixed on the windscreen flashing

a red, yellow or green light, and actuated by the air-speed indicator, tells him whether he is flying too slow, too fast or at the correct speed. Trials have been carried out in H.M. Ships *Illustrious* and *Indomitable* and many successful landings have been made.

OPENING A PYRAMID, THE ADELAIDE EARTHQUAKE, AND OTHER NEWS.



DESIGNED TO DISPERSE SMOKE AND SMUT: ORSOVA'S STRANGE-LOOKING FUNNEL.

The new Orient liner *Orsova*, now undergoing trials, has one of the strangest-looking tops ever seen on a ship's funnel. Designed to disperse smoke and smut, it has been named by her commander, Captain N. A. Whinfield, "the Welsh Bonnet."



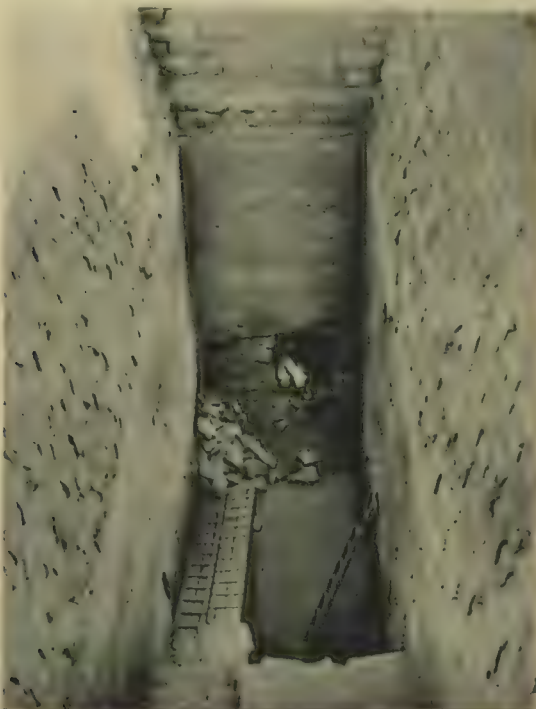
THE GERMAN SUBMARINE WHICH IS TO BE PRESERVED IN CHICAGO—AT THE TIME OF ITS CAPTURE.

This German submarine, U-505, was depth-charged and captured by the U.S.S. *Guadalcanal* in 1944—as shown in this wartime photograph. It was recently about to be scrapped, but has been bought for the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.



THE "REPEAT-O-MASK": A RECORDING DEVICE RECENTLY DEVISED FOR USE IN U.S. JUDICIAL COURTS.

This device, which is being tested by the U.S. Navy, enables a court-room reporter to repeat silently everything said in court. This speech is recorded and can be played back when necessary, thus obviating the necessity of an official shorthand writer.

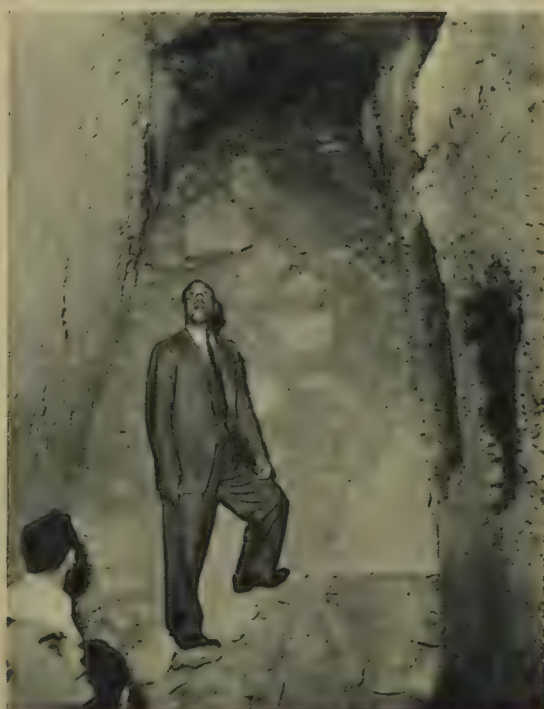


THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED THIRD DYNASTY STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARA.

In our issue of May 23, 1953, we reported the discovery at Sakkara in Egypt of the remains of an unfinished but very early step pyramid. Since then excavations have gone forward under the direction of Dr. Zakaria Goneim, the Chief Inspector of Antiquities, and during the last three months the outer approach to the tomb has been cleared. On March 9 the door, consisting of two rough-cut blocks of stone at the end of a stairway cut from the living rock, was formally



AT THE UNOPENED ENTRANCE: (LEFT) DR. GONEIM AND (CENTRE) THE EGYPTIAN EDUCATION MINISTER.



THE DÉBRIS-FILLED CORRIDOR, WHICH WAS DISCOVERED AFTER ENTERING THE PYRAMID.

opened. The first blows were struck by Dr. Abbas Ammar, the Minister of Education, and workmen soon cleared a hole leading to a dark passage. They were only able to penetrate for about 50 ft., where their progress was blocked by rubble which filled the corridor from floor to roof. The clearing of this will take some time. It is now established that the pyramid was probably the tomb of King Sanakt, the immediate successor of King Zoser.



SWEEPING UP WRECKAGE AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH ADELAIDE—DAMAGE IN A SUBURBAN SHOP.

At 3.40 a.m. on the morning of March 1 an earthquake lasting twenty seconds shook a wide area of South Australia round Adelaide, which her Majesty was due to visit on March 18. This was Adelaide's worst tremor for fifty years and the area affected stretched, from Kangaroo Island to Melbourne. Two seismographs at Adelaide University were put out of action and so could not record the



IN AN ADELAIDE HOTEL, WHERE AN EARTHQUAKE HAD CAUSED A CHIMNEY-STACK TO FALL THROUGH A BALCONY.



TYPICAL OF THE ADELAIDE EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE: A HOME WITH CRACKED WALLS AND FALLEN PICTURES.

intensity of the shock. Masonry fell in many places, cracks appeared in walls, and water-mains burst. The damage is estimated at many thousands of pounds and includes cracks in Government House, where the Queen will stay during her visit, and in a number of city buildings which had been decorated in readiness for her welcome.



THE REMOVAL OF THE SCAFFOLDING ON THE 336-FT.-HIGH VICTORIA TOWER, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MEN ALOFT AT WORK, WITH BIG BEN'S CLOCK TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND.

The scaffolding which since 1937 has surrounded the Victoria Tower, Palace of Westminster (which, with a height of 336 ft., is believed to be the loftiest square tower in existence), is now being removed—an operation which will take five months. Our dramatic photograph shows men at work up aloft, on one of the rare days of March sunshine which London recently enjoyed. The Clock Tower

of Big Ben is shown in the centre background. Some of the scaffolding is to be transferred to one side of this so that bomb damage to part of the surround of the clock, which was temporarily patched with brick, can be repaired, and decayed stonework replaced; but it will not entirely surround the Clock Tower as it has, for so long, encased the Victoria Tower.

SOLDIERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

"CROMWELL'S GENERALS"; By MAURICE ASHLEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN the late A. G. Macdonell wrote a book about Napoleon's Marshals, his subjects were a very varied collection of lives. Some were of noble, some of humble, extraction: some ended their days before firing squads, one on a throne, and one survived to represent a French King at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. But they were all soldiers, some of them notable soldiers, and the waging of war was the chief occupation of their lives; while the scale of Napoleon's enterprises gave them large fields in which to exhibit their skill in the military art. Mr. Ashley's subjects have no such element in common. Lambert was a good general; Monk, as Mr. Ashley says, was "a superb professional officer"; Blake was a great seaman. But many of their companions would certainly not have been singled out for high promotion under any régime less odd than that of the Commonwealth.

Some things many of them did have in common. "What strikes us first in the story of these men," says Mr. Ashley, "is that they most of them formed a closely related group. Ireton and Fleetwood were both Cromwell's sons-in-law; Desborough was his brother-in-law; Whalley was his cousin; Deane was related to him by marriage; and his son, Henry, was the last and not the least able of his Major-Generals. Beyond that, Berry, Whalley, Desborough and Ireton had all commanded troops in Cromwell's original Ironside regiment. Harrison was the protégé of Fleetwood; Boteler of Berry, Kelsey of Colonel Richard Ingoldsby, another of Cromwell's cousins. Worsley had raised a regiment for Cromwell in Lancashire in 1650. Sir John Reynolds was linked by marriage to Henry Cromwell." It isn't necessary to ascribe all this to mere vulgar nepotism. Any usurper with a large section, or the bulk, of the population against him must think, above all, of securing the allegiance of the Army, and especially of the Army's leaders; and relations and their friends seem likelier to be reliable than strangers. If Cromwell found both the Army and the Generals a handful it was because of the peculiar nature of the rebellion which he led.

At the beginning it was, in large measure, a revolt of Parliament against King—though a large fraction of the House of Commons took the field for the King and the majority of the Peers (after all, a constituent element of Parliament!) were against the rebellion.



THE POLITICAL THINKER: MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY IRETON, BORN 1611 AND DIED IN 1651.

From a painting attributed to Robert Walker; reproduced by courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.

Of the original "Parliamentary" Generals, Essex, Manchester and Fairfax were all Peers, and the two latter (Essex died in 1646) were monarchists and against the execution of the King. In their early time the

political side of the movement was dominant; but the usual tendency of revolutions to become dominated by extremists gradually manifested itself. In this instance the extremists were extreme theologically and puritanically; and what had been a struggle of the Commons' majority against the King, developed into a tyranny of religious dissenters over the rest of the nation.

There, again, is an element common to most of these generals' biographies: the dominance of theology. The greater soldiers—Cromwell himself being an occasional exception—were not fanatics. Lambert was not, and Monk was not. Monk, in fact, might well have attracted the attention of those "cheese-faced" Major-Generals, or Gauleiters, to whom Cromwell allotted provinces wherein they were to collect taxes, rig elections, and supervise the public's morals. "When Monk was in the Tower he had been tended by a laundress named Mrs. Ann, or 'Nan,' Ratsford; her husband had been a farrier in one of Monk's regiments, her mother was reputed to be one of the five women barbers of Drury Lane, and her father was



THE GREAT ADMIRAL: GENERAL ROBERT BLAKE, BORN 1598 AND DIED IN 1657.

From a miniature by Samuel Cooper; reproduced by courtesy of the National Maritime Museum.

THE LORD OF WIMBLEDON: MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN LAMBERT, BORN 1619 AND DIED IN 1684.

From a painting after Robert Walker; reproduced by courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.

a blacksmith. She and her husband were living in the Three Spanish Gypsies at the Exchange when she formed her liaison with Monk. She left her husband in 1649 and after his death was married to Monk at St. George's, Southwark—a strange background for a couple who, after the Restoration, were to become a Duke and a Duchess. But over the lives of a great many of their brother-officers there is a very strong odour of sanctity indeed. The quality of it may have varied; under any such régime some will be born holy, some will achieve holiness, and some will have holiness thrust upon them. But many of them were sincere to the verge of craziness. They were the Chosen People, the self-described Saints. They had midnight wrestlings with the Spirit, and the Voice of God invariably told them to do what any detached observer could have predicted that they would do, even to killing their King.

Such a congregation of Generals can seldom elsewhere have been seen. There was Overton, who was "either a Fifth Monarchy man or a Baptist" and who exclaimed to a friend: "Oh that I could wrestle with Him in prayer, as some Jacobs do at this day." There was Goffe who, when he was elected M.P. for Hampshire, knew it to be "a special providence of God." There was Worsley, who said of his administration as Major-General (he was especially zealous in closing ale-houses): "I plainly discern the finger of God going along with it, which is indeed no small encouragement unto me." There was Skippon, who bequeathed to posterity two pamphlets called "A Salve for Every Sore" and "The Christian Centurion's Observations." Above all, there was Major-General Harrison, the Fifth Monarchy man, who had no more use for Parliament than for King and aimed merely at a governing body consisting of "the Lord and His Saints."

When Cromwell was preparing to march to Scotland and Dunbar, expecting Harrison to meet him at Ware, a letter from the General arrived exhorting him: "Run aside sometimes from your company, and get a word with the Lord. Why should you not have three or four precious souls always standing at your elbow, with whom you might now and then turn into a corner? I have found refreshment and mercy in such a way"—it may be hazarded that a campaigning

commander might have found such a cluster of precious souls at his elbow even more disconcerting than a Political Commissar. "This is the day, God's own day, wherein he is coming forth in glory in the world," said he in a speech (the reference was not to Wexford and Drogheda); and "after much prayer and heart-searching he was convinced that it was the will of the Lord that Charles I. should die." It was reported of him that he said of Cromwell's violent dissolution of the Rump that "it was the Lord's work and no thanks to his Excellency."

In the end he and his supporters were too much for Cromwell. "Orders came from the new Council of State that Major-General Thomas Harrison was to be banished to his home at Newcastle-under-Lyme, which he had inherited from his father, the butcher."

Ireton was one of the ablest of them, though not as a soldier; Fleetwood had a genius for administration—though reputed to be an Anabaptist. In Cromwell's lifetime it was difficult enough to keep such a miscellany of zealots together. With his death anarchy threatened and that determined Monk's action (he always had a ruling sense of order), the return of Charles II. and the recovery of the national breath. Mr. Ashley's narrative, which naturally covers a good deal of the political background to his men, is clear and honest. His personal sympathies are evidently with Cromwell, but they are not obtruded.

As a prelude he gives a sympathetic sketch of Fairfax, who was not one of "Cromwell's Generals"; Cromwell was one of his. But why does he describe Fairfax as the "scion of an old Scottish family"? It is true that a Stuart King made the first Lord a Scottish peer, with the territorial appellation "of



THE AGENT OF THE RESTORATION: GENERAL GEORGE MONK, BORN 1608 AND DIED IN 1670.

From a painting by Sir Peter Lely; reproduced by courtesy of the National Maritime Museum.

Illustrations from the book "Cromwell's Generals"; by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

Cameron." But from their earliest traceable days the Fairfaxes have always been Yorkshiremen—though, in later days, with an American interlude.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 458 of this issue.

* "Cromwell's Generals." By Maurice Ashley. Illustrated. (Cape; 21s.)

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR: VIEWS OF THE WEST COUNTRY.



BIDEFORD, NORTH DEVON, ON THE RIVER TORRIDGE. THE BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE RIVER IS 677 FT. LONG AND HAS TWENTY-FOUR ARCHES.



ONCE THE CHIEF PORT IN CORNWALL: FOWEY, WITH ITS LOVELY HARBOUR, IDEAL FOR SAILING, FORMED BY THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER FOWEY.



A LOVELY VIEW OF THE RUGGED COAST OF CORNWALL: CARRICKOWEL POINT, NOT FAR FROM ST. AUSTELL, WITH PYRAMIDS OF CHINA-CLAY "BURROWS" ON THE HORIZON.

The camera is now able, owing to the progress made in the art of aerial colour photography, to record in great detail the natural beauties of the English countryside, and we have chosen some pictures of the West Country to illustrate that fact. Fowey, once many years ago the chief port of Cornwall, stands at the mouth of the river of that name. The harbour is a yachtsman's paradise and provides a safe, as well as picturesque, anchorage. To the left, the hillside leading to Bodinnick is covered from the top to the water's edge in rich, dark green foliage, well brought out in this photograph. Opposite is the wooded creek of Pont Pill, and on the right lies Polruan. Our picture of Carrickowel Point, in St. Austell Bay, shows how beautiful, and sometimes treacherous, is the rocky Cornish coast. A few miles inland is the town of St. Austell, noted for its china-clay industry, and on the horizon can be seen the tent-like heaps of china-clay "burrows," or waste material. Bideford, in North Devon, is situated on the River Torridge, and



ONE OF THE FINEST SEASIDE PROMENADES OF ENGLAND: PLYMOUTH HOE. THE STATUE OF DRAKE, DWARFED BY THE GREAT WAR NAVY MEMORIAL, IS ON THE RIGHT.

apparently owes its name to the fact that it is "by the ford" on what in Roman times was an important highway along the coast from Cornwall through Devon into Somerset. It was not until about the middle of the fourteenth century that the ford was replaced by a bridge which now connects the railway station at East-the-Water with Bideford proper. There are few people who are unaware of the fact that upon a memorable day in 1588 Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls upon Plymouth Hoe. Since that time Plymouth has become a popular seaside resort and the Hoe provides the holiday-maker with one of the finest promenades of England. The photograph above shows the winding road on the seafront, with many cars parked facing to seaward. Behind them is a green patch of grass with Smeaton's Lighthouse, now a monument, to the right. Further behind is the Great War Navy Memorial, with Boehm's fine statue of Drake beside it, and in the foreground the oval swimming pool, with its sun-terraces.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S BUSIEST TRAFFIC CENTRES: HYDE PARK CORNER, WITH APSLEY HOUSE NEXT TO THE ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK (CENTRE) AND WELLINGTON ARCH, BETWEEN THE GREEN PARK AND PART OF THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ON THE RIGHT.



A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE, SHOWING THE ROUND TOWER, BUILT ON WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S MOUND; AND ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN THE FOREGROUND. THE CASTLE AS IT NOW EXISTS DATES FROM THE TIME OF HENRY II. THE WHOLE BUILDING IS FACED WITH SANDSTONE.



A VIEW OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF H.M. THE QUEEN, SHOWING THE DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, SCENE OF MANY A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. IN THE DISTANCE IS ST. JAMES'S PARK, WITH ITS LAKE, AND ON THE LEFT THE GREEN PARK AND CONSTITUTION HILL.



THE CENTRE OF GOVERNMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER. IN THE FOREGROUND IS WESTMINSTER ABBEY. ON THE SOUTH BANK, AT THE FOOT OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, IS COUNTY HALL, AND FURTHER TO THE LEFT THE SITE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION, 1961.



THE MASTERPIECE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: ST. PAUL'S, THE CATHEDRAL OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON. MANY OF THE BUILDINGS NEAR THE CATHEDRAL WERE DESTROYED BY ENEMY ACTION IN WORLD WAR II. THE STREET ON THE RIGHT IS LUDGATE HILL, LEADING TO CANNON STREET.



THE OLDEST AND MOST CELEBRATED FORTRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH TOWER BRIDGE, OPENED IN JUNE 1894, SPANNING THE RIVER. ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS ARE ON THE RIGHT. IN THE CENTRE OF THE WALL FACING THE RIVER IS THE TRAITOR'S GATE, LEADING TO THE BLOODY TOWER.

THE FIRST SERIES OF COMMERCIAL NATURAL COLOUR AIR PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE TAKEN IN THIS COUNTRY: SOME AERIAL VIEWS OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN LONDON AND WINDSOR.

The photographs of Windsor Castle and familiar London scenes which we reproduce above show the enormous advance made in this country in the development of natural colour photography from the air. This development is due to the work carried out by Aerofilms Limited, who were the first British firm to pioneer commercial air photography, starting as long ago as 1919. Apart from their pictorial beauty, colour air photographs are of great use to agriculturists and horticulturists, who can now have their experimental testing

beds recorded in colour at regular intervals. This will show the variation in the change and growth of crops and seeds which have been specially treated with different grades of fertilisers or insecticides. The variations of green can thus be recorded and compared to demonstrate where successful applications of fertilisers and new growing methods have been made. The tourist industry, particularly travel agents, can also look forward to the introduction of colour to aerial photographs in order to show to better advantage the

beauty spots of Great Britain. The photographs above were taken from an Auster Autocar aircraft with a Williamson F.24 hand-held camera, using a special Kodak film. The view of Buckingham Palace is one rarely seen by the public, and shows the beautiful grounds, where many a Royal garden party has been held. The green trees and parks of Central London show up vividly in this photograph and in the photograph of Hyde Park Corner, whilst historic Windsor Castle, with its sandstone facing gleaming in the sun, can be seen

to unrivalled advantage in the surrounding parklands. Our picture of the City of London, with St. Paul's rising majestically above its ravaged surroundings, shows clearly the varying hues of London's buildings. The street on the left is Holborn Viaduct, running into Newgate Street and Cheapside. In the view of Westminster can be seen the site for the new Colonial Office (left centre), next to Westminster Hall. Over the river, at the foot of Westminster Bridge, is County Hall, with the site of the Festival of Britain Exhibition, 1951, beside it.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR: EXAMPLES OF A NEW TECHNIQUE



THE SOUTH FRONT OF HATFIELD HOUSE, THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY; SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.



THE MEMORIAL AT RUNNYMEDE WHICH COMMEMORATES THE 20,456 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR II.



A POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT FOR LONDONERS: WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA, NEAR SOUTHEND, ESSEX; SHOWING THE OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-POOL AND THE SEA-FRONT.

As explained on other pages of this issue, the advance made in the art of aerial colour photography for commercial purposes developed by Aerofilms, Limited, of London, has made it possible for the natural beauties of our countryside to be reproduced in their full glory. Above we reproduce some examples of this new technique. One of the stately homes of England—Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, the country residence of the Marquess of Salisbury—and the beautiful parkland surrounding it, is open to the public each year. The magnificent rooms of the house contain many art treasures, including some of the finest seventeenth-century tapestries in existence. The gardens of Hatfield have seen many changes. The terraces were made at the end of the eighteenth century. The mulberry-trees at its four corners were planted by James I. (one of them, however, unfortunately died recently), and the magnificent beeches at the foot of the photograph are nearly 250 years old. The view of

Colour photographs by Aerofilms, Ltd.



LIKE A GIANT MOTH! AN AVRO VULCAN FOUR-JET DELTA WING BOMBER ON THE CHEQUERED RUNWAY AT FARNBOROUGH DURING THE S.B.A.C. SHOW, 1953.

Westcliff-on-Sea, next to Southend, Essex, shows the huge open-air swimming-pool which attracts so many Londoners each summer. Looking like a giant moth, the picture of the Avro Vulcan four-jet Delta wing bomber was taken at Farnborough last year during the annual display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The chequered appearance of the runway is well brought out by this colour photograph. The Commonwealth Air Forces Memorial, which was unveiled on October 17 by her Majesty the Queen, stands on Cooper's Hill, overlooking the fields of Runnymede, and was designed by Mr. Edward Maufe, R.A. The memorial is built of Portland stone and consists of a cloister with curved wings surmounted by a tower containing a vaulted shrine. The names of 20,456 Air Force officers and men of the Commonwealth who lost their lives in World War II. are inscribed on the stone reveals of the windows in the cloister.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CASTLES AND KINGS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

CASSANDRA MORTMAIN lives in a castle, and we meet her first as she sits (writing her journal) in the sink. It sounds a trifle odd; but then Cassandra is that kind of girl, and it is that kind of castle. For her it is very much in the air (Dodie Smith's play is described as "a romantic comedy"), and most of her relations and friends are in the air as well, though all of them have moments when they know themselves to be tied all too closely to the earth. Poverty in a castle can be troublesome, however whimsically you view it (and the inhabitants of Godsend are nothing if not whimsical).

Dodie Smith has taken care to establish this play, "I Capture the Castle" (Aldwych) firmly "in the middle nineteen-thirties." That is important; it gives the key to the comedy, a piece that is a throwback to a period when Miss Smith was at her meridian as mistress of the Family Play, the ample romp or, if you prefer it, the large cup of tea well-sugared. Miss Smith was extremely accomplished. All of her six plays ran briskly; and in the English theatre the dramatist of "Call It a Day" and "Dear Octopus" had her own snug seat by the fire. It is, no doubt, ungrateful to be superior about these comedies. They did well what they tried to do. For all their innate triviality, they were neat and they had a quick sense of domestic humour. To condemn them now is, maybe, to wear a sour-grapes expression.

After "Dear Octopus" it was more than a decade before we heard from the dramatist again—she was in America—and when "Letter from Paris," her version of a Henry James novel (there could hardly have been a stranger partnership) arrived in London during 1952, we had to murmur with regret: "Smith Minor." The old light had dimmed. That was why

indeed of Cassandra in the second half of the play. Personally, by then I had tired of everyone but the girl herself—acted with a spring-morning simplicity by Virginia McKenna—and possibly, her father, whom we leave immersed in the new doctrine of Enigmatism. I could not get to the play until

been embarrassing. I would not put this higher than fourth or fifth in Dodie Smith's list. All the while I had the odd feeling that we should come out into the London of twenty years ago. It will be a pity if Miss Smith, with her trick of enlivening and mildly fantasticating domesticity, decides to remain anchored firmly to the Family Play of 1935.

The scene of "I Capture the Castle" is described officially as "an old house grafted upon the ruins of Godsend Castle in Suffolk, built by Etienne de Godys in 1332." Well over a century before this, the forces of King John and of Lewis the Dauphin had probably been skirmishing about the site. (The French camp, we remember, was "near St. Edmund's-Bury.") This spring the Oxford University Dramatic Society chose "King John" for revival—among the most forcible O.U.D.S. performances I have seen and heard. Some of the lesser parts were misconceived; but there was no trouble in the higher reaches, with Michael Pimbury (looking rather like the portraits of Tree) as a foxy, menacing John, and Judith Hackett as the most telling Constance I have heard; she felt Arthur's loss, not merely ranted about it.

This revival—under John Powell and Michael Elliott—let us see for once what the King owed to his mother, Queen Elinor. Too often she has been acted as a kind of nondescript beldame. Though I have met "John" many times, I cannot summon an Elinor to mind. It will be hard now to forget Janice Elliott's warped First Witch of a Queen, for ever poisoning the ear of her son. We can think of her

in the words of Chatillon to Philip of France:

With him is come along the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.

Always, in the early scenes of this production, we were conscious of the King's reliance upon his



"THE ACTING, LIKE THE PLAY, IS MIXED; BUT MISS MCKENNA... IS THE CASTLE'S CHIEF WARDEN": "I CAPTURE THE CASTLE" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING THE SCENE FROM DODIE SMITH'S ROMANTIC COMEDY IN WHICH MISS MARCY CONDUCTS AN ENQUIRY INTO THE MORTMAINS' FINANCES. (L. TO R.) CASSANDRA MORTMAIN (VIRGINIA MCKENNA), STEPHEN COLLY (ROGER MOORE), TOPAZ MORTMAIN (GEORGINA COOKSON), MISS MARCY (JOAN WHITE), JAMES MORTMAIN (GEORGE RELPH), ROSE MORTMAIN (YVONNE FURNEAUX), AND THOMAS MORTMAIN (ANDREW RAY).

the fourth night, and I do not know whether Miss Smith had made any cuts since the première. She could well make some now. The second half lags and drags, and there are moments when we remember Pollyanna and the melted-strawberry-ice school of comedy.

There is not much to be said of the plot, largely about changes in the Mortmain family fortunes when a pair of rich Americans—one of whom is landlord of the castle—turn up at Godsend just after Cassandra has appealed to a gargoyle for aid. Love also turns up, and if it were not for Miss McKenna we might request the dramatist to abate her ecstasy. Throughout the play—in the manner of the 'thirties—curiously mingles the human and the arch. It is agreeable when Cassandra is considering the pleasures of a bath before the fire, with chocolates and a book: she sits on a dinner-plate because sheets have been dyed in the bath. It is less agreeable when Cassandra and one of the rich Americans chatter on a window-seat in the moonlight of Midsummer Eve while a mist comes up from the moat and, outside, a car radio is playing Debussy.

The acting, like the play, is mixed; but Miss McKenna, as I have said, is the castle's chief warden; George Relph's Mortmain dexterously toes the tight-rope between genius and madness; and Yvonne Furneaux (Rose) and Georgina Cookson (Topaz, the lutanist-stepmother) are helpful. Cyril Luckham steers a part—a mild, unnecessary vicar—that might have



"IN SPITE OF VARIOUS UNDERSTANDING PERFORMANCES IN PETER HALL'S PRODUCTION—LORCA'S PASSIONATE PEASANT-MELODRAMA SEEMED TO ME TO BE AN ANDALUSIAN STUDY OF COLD COMFORT FARM": "BLOOD WEDDING" (ARTS THEATRE), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS MOTHER ARE RECEIVED BY THE BRIDE'S FATHER IN HIS HOME. (L. TO R.) THE BRIDEGROOM (NICHOLAS AMER), MOTHER (BEATRIX LEHMANN), NURSE (RUTH DUNNING) AND THE BRIDE'S FATHER (LIONEL JEFFRIES).

we waited with some eagerness for "I Capture the Castle" and Dodie Smith's reversion to her previous manner. Even this proves now to be slightly different from her early work. It is adapted from her own novel; she seems to have resolved to get as much of the book as possible upon the stage. The result is a trail of ribbon-building rather than a constructed play.

The comedy patters along amusingly enough during its first half, when we can still feel for the characters and wonder vaguely what will happen to them; to the advanced writer, the author of "Wrestling Jacob," who has—so it appears—ceased to wrestle; to his wife Topaz, a decorative and dithering ex-artist's model who plays the lute; to the elder daughter Rose, the boy Thomas, a young-man-about-the-house who is inarticulately in love with Cassandra, and (more than anyone) Cassandra herself, a most truthful study in adolescence.

Dodie Smith has always been at ease with girls of this age. We are glad



"A REVIVAL OF THIS BIT OF AMERICAN PRATTLE ALLOWS US TO SEE HOW WELL ANDRÉE MELLY IS DEVELOPING": "THE MOON IS BLUE" (VAUDEVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) DONALD (ANTHONY OLIVER), PATTY (ANDRÉE MELLY) AND DAVID SLATER (FRANK LEIGHTON).

mother. Always, as it were, she studied the shifts of the wind ("Son, list to this conjunction, make this match"); and she, the "canker'd grandam," took Arthur aside meaningfully while her son urged on Hubert ("I'll tell thee what, my friend, he is a very serpent in my way"). We felt that John's world was dashed about him when, in the fourth act, a messenger came from France with news of Elinor's death. "What! mother dead!" After this I shall watch every new "King John" for its Elinor. The mother-queen must be no more a cipher.

I observed also at Oxford what we find rarely in a "King John," a quick suggestion of the Bastard's feelings for Blanch of Spain—feelings made clearer in the source-play, "The Troublesome Raigne," which Shakespeare knew well. These parts were done clearly by Keith Turner (the Bastard) and Rosalind Moylan. We have travelled a long way this week; but I am sure Cassandra of Godsend Castle would have watched with romantic excitement the flutterings of Blanch before Angiers.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING JOHN" (Oxford).—A most forceful and inventive revival: no "stewpan" helmets, by the way. Michael Pimbury, this year's President of O.U.D.S., phrased John subtly; and, thanks to Judith Hackett, Constance's lament for Arthur moved us surely. (March 2-6.) "BLOOD WEDDING" (Arts Theatre Club).—Probably it was an unfortunate translation; but—in spite of various understanding performances in Peter Hall's production—Lorca's passionate peasant-melodrama seemed to me to be an Andalusian study of Cold Comfort Farm. (March 3.) "I CAPTURE THE CASTLE" (Aldwych).—Dodie Smith, working in the spirit of the nineteen-thirties, has adapted for the stage her novel of the Mortmain family. She lets it trail along, now with charm, now archly. Before the interval all is moderately well; after the interval the piece flicks away. Virginia McKenna—who manages beautifully the part of the adolescent Cassandra—and George Relph, as a temperamental writer who is to be the master of Enigmatism, have much ado to keep us happy. (March 4.) "THE MOON IS BLUE" (Vaudeville).—A revival of this bit of American prattle allows us to see how well Andrée Melly is developing. It has been a good week for young actresses. (March 5.)

**POLITICAL, HISTORICAL, ARTISTIC AND DISASTROUS :
EVENTS, ACTIVITIES AND PLANS OF GENERAL INTEREST.**



UNCOVERED BY WORKMEN STRIPPING PANELING OVER A CHIMNEY BREAST AT EASTBOURNE MANOR, EASTBOURNE: A BLACK-AND-WHITE MURAL DECORATION BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. During examination to discover the extent of fire damage to Eastbourne Manor, Eastbourne, workmen uncovered a large mural decoration believed to be 400 years old. It is a freehand drawing on plaster, with Elizabethan designs, including the head of a woman wearing a heart-shaped head-dress. The owner, Mr. W. R. Hipwell, by whose courtesy we reproduce it, intends to preserve the mural if it is at all possible.



AT WORK ON DETAILS OF THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE FIGURES FOR THE COVENTRY CATHEDRAL GLASS SCREEN: MR. JOHN HUTTON. Mr. John Hutton is engaged on engraving the 8-ft-high figures on glass for the screen to be erected in Coventry Cathedral. The screen is 70 ft. by 40 ft., and will have sixty-five panels bearing representations of sacred figures. He uses a diamond to engrave details, and wears a protective eye-shade.



TO APPEAR IN THE CRIMEA SCENE OF THE FORTHCOMING SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO AT THE WHITE CITY: THE CARRIAGE IN WHICH FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DROVE 100 YEARS AGO. The carriage which Florence Nightingale used in the Crimea will appear in the Crimea scene of the White City Searchlight Tattoo in June. Usually kept at the Florence Nightingale Nurses' Home, St. Thomas's Hospital, it was recently inspected by Captain Boon, Horse Transport Service, R.A.S.C.



THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT ROTHESAY ACADEMY, BUTE: A VIEW OF THE GUTTED BUILDING, WHICH MR. JAMES D. MACKENZIE, THE RECTOR, DESCRIBED AS A TOTAL LOSS. Rothesay Academy, Bute, was totally destroyed by fire early on March 6; but the Rector has stated that there will be no interruption of education. Three fourteen-year-old classmates in the school appeared before the Sheriff at Rothesay on March 8, and were committed to Rothesay Remand Home pending further inquiries.



THE BELGIAN SENATE APPROVES THE BILL TO RATIFY E.D.C. BY 125 VOTES TO 40 VOTES (TWO ABSTENTIONS): THE SCENE ON MARCH 12, WITH MEMBERS APPLAUDING THE DECISION. On March 12 the Belgian Senate approved the Bill to ratify the European Defence Community Treaty. Of the 175 Members, 167 were present. In the Chamber of Representatives the Bill was passed last November by 148 votes to 49, a two-thirds majority, as in the Senate. Seated on the left are the Ministers of Communications, the Interior and Defence, and the Premier.



SAVAGED BY THE STALLION HE WAS EXHIBITING IN THE SHOW RING AT THE STALLION SHOW HELD BY THE HUNTER IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY AT DERBY: MR. JOSEPH STANFIELD. Mr. Joseph Stanfield, aged seventy-two, was savaged by a stallion he was exhibiting in the Hunter Improvement Society's Spring Stallion Show at Derby. He was leading the horse, *Laird of Moray*, in the ring when it seized his arm in its teeth and threw him off his feet. He succeeded in escaping its trampling hoofs and was taken to hospital and detained for treatment.



THE BLAZING WRECKAGE OF THE CRASHED B.O.A.C. *CONSTELLATION* AIRLINER AT KALLANG AIRPORT, SINGAPORE, IN WHICH THIRTY-THREE PERSONS WERE KILLED ON MARCH 13.



(ABOVE.) SEARCHERS AT WORK AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF THE CRASHED *CONSTELLATION*; AND (RIGHT) SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE CREW, INCLUDING THE PILOT, CAPTAIN T. W. HOYLE, AND THE CO-PILOT, FIRST OFFICER J. B. PERKINS, BEING TAKEN TO HOSPITAL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRASHED *CONSTELLATION*, WHICH WAS BROKEN IN TWO BY THE CRASH: ONE WING WAS TORN OFF AND ONE ENGINE FLUNG ABOUT 100 YARDS AWAY.

AN AIRLINER DISASTER IN WHICH THIRTY-THREE PERSONS WERE KILLED: THE *CONSTELLATION* CRASH AT SINGAPORE.

On March 13 a B.O.A.C. *Constellation* airliner, en route from Sydney to London, crashed when landing at Kallang Airport, Singapore. From the first reports it appears that as it touched down it tilted to the right, ran about 100 yards, slewed off the runway and finished up on its back. One of the four engines was flung about 100 yards, the right wing was torn off and the left buckled. An explosion occurred and flames and smoke shot high into the air. Thirty-one passengers, a steward and a stewardess in the main body of the

aircraft, were killed, the stewardess dying of her injuries after being rescued. The seven remaining members of the crew, who were in the forward part of the aircraft, all escaped with minor injuries. The stewardess who died of her injuries, Miss Josephine Butler, was engaged to another member of the crew, Engineer-Officer R. G. Carter, who escaped. Preliminary investigations into the cause of the crash began on March 14, and on the same day Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., left London by air for Singapore to visit the scene.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



INVOLVED IN THE U.S. ARMY DISPUTE: (L. TO R.) PRIVATE SCHINE, MR. COHN AND SENATOR MCCARTHY.

Following Senator McCarthy's accusations that it had been "coddling Communists," the U.S. Army published on March 12 a report describing the efforts of Mr. Cohn and Senator McCarthy to obtain preferential treatment for Private Schine. Senator McCarthy has since accused the Army of trying to "blackmail" him into calling off his enquiries about Communism in the Army.



MAJOR-GEN. OLIVER (L.), BRITISH G.O.C. BERLIN, AND MAJOR-GEN. COLEMAN, WHOM HE SUCCEEDS.
Major-General W. P. Oliver, formerly Chief of Staff in Malaya, took up his appointment as G.O.C. (British Sector), British Troops, Berlin, on March 12. He succeeds Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, appointed Chief of Staff, Northern Army Group and British Army of the Rhine. Major-General Coleman, who was universally liked and respected, addressed the troops after a farewell parade on March 10.



SQUASH RACKETS FINALISTS: HASHIM KHAN (RIGHT), THE WINNER, WITH HIS BROTHER, AZAM KHAN.

The Professional Squash Rackets Championship was retained by Hashim Khan, of Pakistan, who beat his brother, Azam Khan, by 5-9, 9-6, 7-9, 9-5, 9-7, at the Lansdowne Club on March 8. In the semi-final Hashim beat Roshan Khan, winner of the Dunlop Tournament, 10-9, 5-9, 7-9, 9-5, 9-3, and Azam beat Abdul Bari, of the Junior Carlton Club, 9-3, 9-6, 7-9, 9-3.



SENTENCED AT NAIROBI ON MARCH 11: CAPTAIN G. S. L. GRIFFITHS.

Captain G. S. L. Griffiths, who pleaded Not Guilty, was found Guilty at his court-martial at Nairobi on March 11 on five charges of ill-treating two Embu Mau Mau terrorists. He was sentenced to be cashiered and to five years' imprisonment. On a sixth charge, brought as an alternative, the president recorded a finding of Not Guilty. Findings and sentence are subject to confirmation.



NEW BRITISH MUSEUM DEPUTY KEEPER: MR. R. L. S. BRUCE MITFORD.

The appointment of Mr. R. L. S. Bruce Mitford as Deputy Keeper in the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, British Museum, was announced on March 8. Mr. Bruce Mitford, formerly Deputy Keeper in the Department, entered the service of the Trustees in 1938. He is an authority on the Anglo-Saxon and Viking periods.



NEW BRITISH MUSEUM DEPUTY KEEPER: MR. D. E. L. HAYNES.

On March 8 the principal Trustees of the British Museum announced that they had appointed Mr. D. E. L. Haynes to be Deputy Keeper in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities of the British Museum. Mr. Haynes, who entered the service of the Trustees in 1939, has made a special study of classical bronzes. He formerly held the post of Assistant Keeper Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities.



NEW BRITISH MUSEUM KEEPER: MR. EDWARD CROFT-MURRAY.

Mr. E. Croft-Murray has been appointed Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, in succession to Mr. A. E. Popham, who is retiring. He is an authority on English drawings and is at present engaged on re-cataloguing those in the Museum. He has made a special study of English mural painting.



DIED ON MARCH 11: LADY PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

Lady Pethick-Lawrence, who was, with the Pankhursts, a leader of the Suffragette movement, was eighty-six. First arrested in 1906 in the Lobby of the House of Commons, she was imprisoned five times and was a hunger-striker. She was an enthusiastic social worker and did fine service among the working girls of the East End.



STABBED BY A PERSIAN MOB: DR. HUSSEIN FATEMI.

Dr. Musaddiq's Foreign Minister and closest associate, Dr. Hussein Fatemi, who vanished after Musaddiq's fall, was arrested six miles outside Teheran on March 13. While on his way to prison he was attacked and stabbed by a mob of infuriated Royalists. He is now in a prison hospital awaiting trial for high treason. Documents seized after his arrest are said to reveal his connection with the Communist Tudeh Party.



NEW GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR P. WILLIAM-POWLETT.

Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett, who has been appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia in succession to Major-General Sir John Kennedy, has been C-in-C. South Atlantic, since 1952. Admiral William-Powlett was Flag Officer (Destroyers), Mediterranean Fleet, 1950-51, and Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, 1948-50.



DIED ON MARCH 8: MR. JAMES LESLIE WRIGHT.

Mr. James Leslie Wright, the collector of early English water-colours, was ninety-one. His large collection, rich in works by most of the chief English water-colourists, from Francis Barlow, late 17th century, to James Holland and J. F. Lewis, early 19th century, was shown at the Royal Academy in 1949; and last year he formally handed over ownership of the whole of it to the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery.



THE ENGLAND WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAM WHICH BEAT SCOTLAND.
England beat Scotland 5-1, in an exciting game of hockey at Wembley Stadium on March 13 before a record crowd of nearly 45,000. (L. to r.) M. Tatlock (North), A. Dudley-Smith (East), J. Braithwaite (South), J. Cummins (South), B. Holland (North), M. Straffen (North), B. Rylands (North), E. Delforce (East; captain), M. Glossop (Midlands), C. Vincent (East), and V. Chapman (South).



APPOINTED DIRECTOR, W.R.A.C.: COLONEL MARY RAILTON, C.B.E.

Colonel Mary Railton, Deputy Director, W.R.A.C., H.Q., Southern Command, has been appointed Director, W.R.A.C., with the temporary rank of Brigadier, with effect from September 1954. Early in 1938 she joined the F.A.N.Y., and later the A.T.S., being commissioned in 1940. In 1951 she was appointed Deputy Director, W.R.A.C., at the War Office.



WOMEN'S HOCKEY, ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND: THE SCOTTISH TEAM.
Scotland lost a hard-fought game with England at Wembley Stadium on March 13 by 5 goals to 1. (L. to r.) L. Hunter (Aberdeen; captain), M. Watson (Edinburgh), N. Whyte (Glasgow Western), H. Dickie (Edinburgh), E. McColl (Ayr), M. Malcolm (Glasgow Western), E. Gavigan (Perth Academy), J. Smallwood (Highgate), S. Marshall (Cartha), J. May (Watsonians), and N. Taylor (Glasgow H.S.).

OXFORD'S ATHLETICS TRIUMPH, A ROYAL OCCASION, AND OTHER ITEMS.



WINNING THE UNIVERSITY 3 MILES RACE FOR CAMBRIDGE IN RECORD TIME: J. KNOFF (ST. ALBANS AND SELWYN). WEEKS-PEARSON OF OXFORD, SECOND, ALSO BEAT THE RECORD.



WINNER OF THE JAVELIN, WHO BEAT THE RECORD WITH A THROW OF 197 FT. 2½ INS.: W. W. KRETZMAR, OF GORDONSTOUN AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

At the White City on March 13 the Oxford and Cambridge sports were won by Oxford for the seventh time in succession, by 70 points to 56. Three records were broken as reported above; and there were a number of exceptional performances. The Cambridge sprinter, A. D. Sexton, of Whitgift Middle and St. Catharine's, won both the 100 yards and the 220; and was beaten only by inches in the 440 by the Oxford runner, D. J. N. Johnson, of East Ham G.S. and Lincoln, who also made the new half-mile record. C. E. Higham, of Eton and Wadham, Oxford, won both the hurdles events; and G. F. Dole, of Yale and University, won the mile by inches.



BEATING THE RECORD FOR THE HALF-MILE IN THE TIME OF 1 MIN. 53.1 SECS.: D. J. N. JOHNSON, OF EAST HAM G.S. AND LINCOLN, OXFORD, WHO ALSO WON THE 440 YARDS.



REPLANTING IN THE DEVASTATED BROAD WALK IN KENSINGTON GARDENS: WORKMEN PLANTING BEECHES TO REPLACE THE GREAT AVENUE OF RECENTLY-FELLED ELMS.

Most notable among the elms felled by the Ministry of Works in Kensington Gardens are those which formed the avenue of the Broad Walk. These are now being replaced with an outer row of common beech, with an inner line of scarlet oak. Light copper beeches are to mark ends and breaks of the line.



A THREE-MILE MOTOR-RACING TRACK AT AINTREE: WORK IN PROGRESS IN FRONT OF THE STANDS. IN GENERAL THE TRACK RUNS OUTSIDE THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE.

A motor road-racing track, claimed as Britain's biggest, is being made at Aintree, and will be opened on May 29 with an international meeting, the racing being organised by the British Automobile Racing Club. In general it runs outside the Grand National course, but at the eastern end runs inside it in a loop.

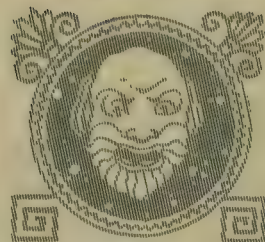
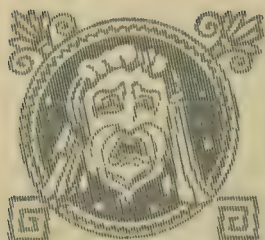


ROYALTY AT SANDOWN: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT THE RACES.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTING THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP TO LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. BLACKER, WHO WON THE RACE ON HIS HORSE POINTSMAN.

The Royal Military Meeting at Sandown was attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who was accompanied by Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The Grand Military Gold Cup was won by Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Blacker, on *Pointsmen*, by a neck from Colonel Gordon-Watson on *Point of Law*, with Major Fielden on *Roughan* only a length away third. Over the last two fences it was impossible to tell which of the three would win. Lieut.-Colonel Blacker has twice dislocated his neck, and medical opinion was strongly against his riding again.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

EXCEPTING FUNNY.

By ALAN DENT.

HOW seldom in our British studios do we achieve the full professional sheen of the best American, French or Italian products in film-making! There is far too often—I would go so far as to say, almost invariably—a fatal tinge of amateurishness even in our most aspiring efforts. Can one honestly say that our best novelists since Dickens and Thackeray have yet received anything like adequate portrayal? I am thinking of picturesque—and therefore surely cinematic?—writers like Trollope and Hardy, Conrad and Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells, John Masefield and Richard Hughes, to come down no further.

Our playwrights are more called upon. But it has been proved over and over again that it is far easier to make a satisfactory film from a novel than from a play. The latest play to be expanded for the benefit of a wider public is Harold Brighouse's Lancashire comedy, "Hobson's Choice." This has been done under the direction of David Lean, and the result is incomparably the best of a highly unequal crop of new made-in-Britain films. But even so, it is First Prize with reservations and qualifications—mainly having to do with the choice of Hobson!

Charles Laughton is a player who looked for a time (1927-1937) like becoming a great stage-actor, and then looked for a similar time (1937-1947) like becoming a great film-actor. But he is now passing through a dangerous phase where, unless he is severely controlled, he must tend to make of anything in which he appears something indistinguishable from a mess. In the text of his play Mr. Brighouse introduces his Salford boot-shopkeeper with the discreetest possible flourish: "Henry Horatio Hobson enters from the house. He is fifty-five, successful, coarse, florid, and a parent of the period. His hat is on. It is one of those felt hats which are half-way to tall hats in shape. He has a heavy gold chain and masonic emblems on it. His clothes are bought to wear."

This is succinct. But there is nothing succinct about Mr. Laughton's performance. He grossly heightens the coarseness and floridity. He is far too big for his hat, and if he wears a gold chain and emblems they are sunk into the creases of his bulky

him to the surprise of the whole of Salford. Let me look after myself." I do not say, or even surmise, that this is what happened. But I do say that the resulting film suggests exactly this, and the resulting effect is that Brenda de Banzie and John Mills, obeying Mr. Lean's capital and careful direction, walk quietly off with the film in one direction, while Mr. Laughton rushes a short way off in the opposite direction, obeys only his own notions, and starts to fume, splutter, explode, bellow and boggle with a megalomaniacal insistence which is everything it is intended to be—excepting funny.



"I WOULD RECOMMEND IT AS THE OLD PLAYBILLS USED TO RECOMMEND THE MELODRAMAS OF YESTER-YEAR. HORROR, TENSION, THRILLS!" "THE WAGES OF FEAR" (ACADEMY CINEMA), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH JO (CHARLES VANEL), HAVING LEFT MARIO (YVES MONTAND) IN THE LURCH AT A DANGEROUS POINT IN THE ROAD, RUNS DESPERATELY AFTER THE LORRY ONCE MARIO HAS SUCCEEDED IN GETTING IT GOING AGAIN. THIS FILM, WHICH WAS DISCUSSED BY MR. DENT IN OUR ISSUE OF MARCH 6, PAGE 370, IS DIRECTED BY H. G. CLUZOT, AND WAS AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL, 1953.

In their infinitely quieter way, Mr. Mills and Miss de Banzie are infinitely more effective. Mr. Mills shows the sterling and loyal little soul shining through the grime and single-minded shoe-shaping of Willie, and in her no less firm and sure drawing of Maggie, Miss de Banzie, a newcomer to the screen, reminds us how much in common Mr. Brighouse the playwright has with Arnold Bennett the novelist. "Dark and true and tender is the North!"

Something has gone wrong, too, with "The Maggie." This is the work of that brilliant young Scottish director, Alexander Mackendrick, who has given us films as different in their delight and impact as "Whisky Galore" and "Mandy." This time, besides directing he has devised his own story. Its heroine is a little, grubby, worn-out steam-boat, or "puffer," plying between the Broomielaw at Glasgow and the West Coast sea-lochs or, at a pinch, the Western Isles. Its rascally heroes are the *Maggie's* crew—two old soaked salts, a young seaman, and a "wee boy" (as whom Master Tommy Kearins seems to me to give the film's best performance). Through a mixture of a trick

and a piece of luck, the *Maggie* is the unworthy ship chosen to convey an American's valuable cargo to one of the Western Islands. The American is played by Paul Douglas, and he has to chase the puffer by car and aeroplane, with an expression of mingled perplexity and exasperation with which for a long time we are wholly in sympathy.

In truth, this film chugs along, and then stops (in one instance we clamber ashore to do some pheasant-poaching in what appear to be the Birks of Aberfeldy), and then chugs along again, and then stops again, and then founders, exactly as the *Maggie* herself does. We are given a glimpse—but no more than a glimpse—of the Western Islanders celebrating an old man's hundredth birthday. We are given a snatch—but no more than a snatch—of that Hebridean

music which can charm and spellbind the soul even of a Lowlander or an Englishman with its haunted and melancholy beauty.

But Mr. Mackendrick's aim is neither evocative nor realistic. He wants only to be amusing at the expense of his American, and we are supposed all the time to chortle at the latter's folly and extravagance and to grin in sympathy with the rascal native crew. Let it be confessed that the crowd around me, in common with myself, did remarkably little chortling at the one or grinning with the other. It all mounts up to a competent piece of film-making, as goes without saying. And it is almost everything that it tries to be, excepting funny.

Humour is here and there achieved in yet another British effort called "The Good Die Young." But here it is of the deadliest sort, the unintentioned. It is just as certain that we are not supposed to laugh at any of this, as that we are supposed to laugh at Mr. Laughton's excesses as Hobson or at Mr. Douglas's discomfiture at being cheated beyond all reason. It is just as fatal to be too deliberately serious as to be too deliberately funny.

When, for example, Robert Morley turns to his villainous son in a club-lounge, refuses him financial help, and says roundly: "I have one ambition left in life—and that is to outlive you!", the audience is momentarily more convulsed than it was by anything in either Salford or the Firth of Clyde in those other films. The reasons for our temporary collapse here are many. One is that Robert Morley is now an accepted and glorious comedian who should never have been chosen for a tiny part which consists of this line and scene and hardly anything else. Second, his style and title is Sir Francis Ravenscourt, which in itself suggests the melodramatic manner of Mrs. Henry Wood. So does the dialogue throughout.

The son, known chummily as "Rave," is played by Laurence Harvey as "a silken, sly, insinuating Jack" (to use the Duke of Gloster's phrase). Rave's dastardly scheme for raising money is to rob a mail-van, with the assistance of three other young but comparatively decent men whom he improbably persuades to conspire with him. These are a boxer (Stanley Baker) who has lost a hand and is desperate



"INCOMPARABLY THE BEST OF A HIGHLY UNEQUAL CROP OF NEW MADE-IN-BRITAIN FILMS. BUT EVEN SO, IT IS FIRST PRIZE WITH RESERVATIONS AND QUALIFICATIONS. . . ." "HOBSON'S CHOICE" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MAGGIE HOBSON (BRENDA DE BANZIE) SURPRISES WILLIE MOSSOP (JOHN MILLS) WHEN SHE TELLS HIM THAT SHE INTENDS TO MARRY HIM AND FORM THE PERFECT PARTNERSHIP. THE FILM IS ADAPTED FROM HAROLD BRIGHOUSE'S PLAY OF THE SAME NAME.

person to an extent which makes them no longer visible. He gives Hobson not only his head, but his own huge limbs and Gargantuan torso as well, and it seems in recollection that he plays most of the part lumbering into and out of bed clad in old-fashioned tight-fitting woollen "combinations." All this is obviously meant to be very funny, but we find ourselves gasping rather than laughing at the spectacle.

The effect is exactly as though Mr. Laughton had said to Mr. Lean: "Look here, I'm a North-countryman, and you are merely a South-countryman. Let me direct myself in this film. Concern yourself only with my daughters, especially with Maggie, the plainest and eldest, who decides to put my apprentice, Willie Mossop, into her pocket and marry



"IT ALL MOUNTS UP TO A COMPETENT PIECE OF FILM-MAKING, AS GOES WITHOUT SAYING. IT IS ALMOST EVERYTHING THAT IT TRIES TO BE, EXCEPTING FUNNY." "THE MAGGIE" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MARSHALL (PAUL DOUGLAS), DETERMINED NOT TO BE SEPARATED FROM HIS PRECIOUS CARGO, TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN THE "PUFFER." HE IS ATTENDED BY THE WEE BOY (TOMMY KEARINS), WHOM HE TRIED TO PERSUADE TO LEAVE THE *Maggie* AND TO WORK FOR HIM.

for employment; an American (John Ireland) who is married to a vain and faithless noodle of a film-star; and another American (Richard Basehart), who is having severe mother-in-law trouble (in the baleful shape of Freda Jackson). It must be said that Rave's three reluctant confederates are played with a sincerity worthy of a far better film.

There is at the end the inevitable chase by police-car which we have come to expect and dread in every such film. But elsewhere the tension was now and again relieved, as I have said, by composites in the script which made us smile or chuckle. We may or may not have been meant to laugh when the young American lifted his unloyal little minx of a wife and dropped her, fully clothed, into a well-filled bath. But laugh aloud we did, at last.

LONDON'S FIRST SIGNAC EXHIBITION.



"LA SEINE A ASNIERES, 1885"; BY PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935), ON VIEW AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ARTS. (23½ by 36½ ins.) (Lent by Mme. C. Cachin-Signac.)



"LES ANDELYS; LA BERGE"; BY PAUL SIGNAC. SIGNED BOTTOM RIGHT AND DATED 86. (25½ by 32 ins.) (Lent by his daughter, Mme. C. Cachin-Signac.)



"NATURE MORTE A LA PASTQUE, 1915." (STILL LIFE WITH A WATER MELON); BY PAUL SIGNAC. ON VIEW AT THE FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK. (21½ by 25½ ins.)

The Retrospective Exhibition of the work of Paul Signac (1863-1935) at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery in Old Bond Street, which opened on March 11 and is due to continue until April 15, is the first exhibition devoted to the work of this artist ever to be held in this country. Paul Signac, landscape painter and art critic, began his career as an Impressionist, and then, under the influence of Seurat (whom he long survived), adopted the divisionist method of painting. He was President of the Salon des Indépendents and exercised great influence through his writings on art. His best-known book being "D'Eugène Delacroix au Néo-Impressionnisme." The current exhibition includes oil paintings, water-colours, drawings, lithographs and etchings, as well as a folder containing twelve copies after Turner, so that every aspect of Signac's achievement may be studied. Many of the paintings are lent by his daughter, Mme. Charles Cachin-Signac.

JOHN NASH'S ART IN RETROSPECT.

A Retrospective Exhibition of the work of Mr. John Nash, R.A., was due to open on March 19 at the Leicester Galleries and will continue until April 10. Mr. Nash, one of the most distinguished living British painters, was born in 1893. He served in the Artists' Rifles in World War I. from 1916-18 and was then commissioned to paint war pictures for the Imperial War Museum; and in World War II. he received an hon. commission in the Royal Marines in 1940 as an official war artist to the Admiralty. He is a member of the London Group, and of the Society of Wood Engravers and was appointed Assistant Teacher of Design, Royal College of Art, in 1934. A particularly gifted landscape painter, he is represented by works in the Tate, and in many important public galleries all over the country.



"TREES AND RIVER"; BY JOHN NASH, R.A., ONE OF THE FINE LANDSCAPES ON VIEW IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (18 by 22 ins.)



"THE RIVER, WISTON; EVENING"; BY JOHN NASH, R.A., A LANDSCAPE OF A CHARACTERISTICALLY BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH SCENE IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION. (20 by 30 ins.)



"THE BARN," A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTY OF JOHN NASH'S LANDSCAPES, ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN ON MARCH 19 AND WILL CONTINUE UNTIL APRIL 10. (20 by 30 ins.)



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SNOWDROPS AND WINTER ACONITES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT has been difficult this year to appreciate the late winter and the earliest spring flowers as they deserve to be appreciated. To enjoy flowers—any flowers—it is essential that they themselves should be happy and enjoying life to the full. The last dregs of this year's winter have been the bitterest and beastliest winter dregs that I can remember. The Crocus species, *Crocus chrysanthus* in various colours, *C. sieberi*, and a few others, have flowered dutifully, but with alternating rain, snow, sleet, frost, and vicious winds which had somehow dodged the Iron Curtain, they stood around, soaked and shivering. Only occasionally has a short burst of sunshine induced them to expand, flat out, to enjoy a momentary warmth. The little brilliant blue, bulbous *Iris histrioides major* has fared no better; whilst the Winter Aconites, usually so tough and gay and sturdy, have had a short life—and a tatty one.

The only flowers which, as always, have seemed serenely indifferent to the worst that winter could do were the snowdrops. In drifts and crowded congregations they pose, in all their glacial purity, their incurable virginity, as a concourse of potential martyrs. But do not be deceived by those bowed heads, that

fan, a collector of the many species and varieties that exist. I have remained content with the common *Galanthus nivalis*, both single and double. I have admired the curious green and yellow markings that distinguish the various species, when specialists have pointed them out and expounded them to me. But I have never felt that I simply must acquire and grow these variants. The only one which I have truly admired and really coveted—but never achieved—is one called *Galanthus allenii*. It is rather larger and slightly more portly than *Galanthus nivalis*, and at the same time it has always struck me as perfectly proportioned in its moderate bigness.

The Winter Aconite, *Eranthis hiemalis*, comes with the snowdrops and enjoys the same half-shady positions, though, in fact, it is perfectly at home in either sun or shade. The important thing—which is far too often neglected—is to make sure that there are plenty of them. They come so early in the year, and die down and disappear so soon after flowering, that they may be grown between other, later-flowering plants with little fear of their harming or interfering with their betters, though they should not, of course, go among the smallest and choicest Alpines in the rock-garden. The little brown tubers are not expensive to buy, but as they suffer and deteriorate greatly

from being kept dry and out of the ground, every effort should be made to buy them and plant them as early as possible. By far the best way is to dig up growing plants and transplant them whilst still in full leaf. They move perfectly, even when in full flower. There is, of course, the difficulty of finding a garden where the aconites grow in abundance. Having found such a garden there will be no further difficulty, for all gardeners, all good gardeners, are generous to a fault, and where the Winter Aconite is really at home it is immensely prolific. The plant seeds with the utmost freedom, and seeds, collected and broadcast, would make a fine show in a year or two. And what a cheery show it is. Myriads of little golden globe flowers each in the centre of its Toby frill of fresh green leaves, carried on a two- or three-inch stem.

It is well worth growing a few Winter Aconites in small pots or pans of soil to flower early in the house. Or they may be lifted in the bud stage from the open ground, and potted up. It is not difficult to arrange for a number of pots to come into flower in succession, and they make a pleasant change from the ordinary run of the more popular bulbs grown in this way.



"DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY THOSE BOWED HEADS, THAT AIR OF CONSCIOUS MECKNESS. MARTYRS MY FOOT. I AM CONVINCED THAT THEY POSITIVELY ENJOY ALL THE HORRORS THAT MAKE OTHER FLOWERS SO MISERABLE." FROM AN OLD PRINT OF SNOWDROPS, PROBABLY FRENCH IN ORIGIN, IN MR. ELLIOTT'S OWN COLLECTION.

air of conscious meekness. Martyrs my foot. I am convinced that they positively enjoy all the horrors that make other flowers so miserable. But how beautiful they are, especially when they have been established long enough to become thoroughly crowded, and when they spring from the right setting. They look their loveliest, I think, in thin woodland. But not every gardener has a wood, or even a spinney, to accommodate his snowdrops. Almost as good, however, as a spinney, is the ground beneath a few hazels or cobnuts, especially if it is carpeted with the small-leaved ivy. If there is no room in the garden for two or three hazel bushes, so that the snowdrops must be planted in the flower borders, they should, if possible, be given a mat, rug or carpet of some low-spreading plant through which to grow—aubrietias, mossy saxifrages or perhaps some dwarf veronica.

Although I admire snowdrops collectively and *en masse*, I have never, for some reason or other, become a snowdrop



"SO TOUGH AND GAY AND STURDY . . . LITTLE GOLDEN GLOBE FLOWERS EACH IN THE CENTRE OF ITS TOBY FRILL OF FRESH GREEN LEAVES, CARRIED ON A TWO- OR THREE-INCH STEM": THE WINTER ACONITE, *Eranthis hiemalis*, PORTRAYED WITH GREAT DELICACY AND ACCURACY IN AN OLD PRINT OF PROBABLY FRENCH ORIGIN.

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I wrote a week or two ago about some hybrid dwarf bulbous Irises flowering here for the first time—*Iris histrioides major* x *I. reticulata*, and the reverse cross, *Iris reticulata* x *I. histrioides major*. At the time of writing, I was rather disappointed with the results. None of the flowers out at that time seemed particularly worth while. But I wrote too soon. Several others have opened in the meantime, and one in particular is extremely promising. Its seed parent was *Iris histrioides major*, and the parent's colour was a brilliant, almost electric blue. The seedling has roughly the size of flower of *I. histrioides*, and the colour is that of the pollen parent, *I. reticulata*, pure violet, but greatly intensified and deepened; in fact, almost black violet, with a brilliant orange crest or beard. As far as I can tell—in the open air on a cold day—this very striking hybrid has not, unfortunately, inherited its father's delicious violet scent. But as far as I can tell at present, it is a most promising plant. Perhaps even a plant with a future.

THE VEGETABLE MILCH COW: A REMARKABLE TROPICAL TREE WHICH YIELDS RICH MILK.



(LEFT.) A TREE WHICH REACHES A HEIGHT OF 100 FT. OR MORE AND YIELDS A RICH, PALATABLE MILK: THE COW TREE (*Brosimum utile*).

ONE of the most remarkable tropical trees, the Cow Tree, was described in an illustrated article by Mr. Paul H. Allen, Director of the Fairchild Tropical Garden, Florida, in a recent issue of the U.S. magazine *Natural History*. Mr. Allen describes how he first saw a man making a gash in the trunk of one of these trees on a hillside not far from his home in Costa Rica. As he watched the milky fluid beginning to flow and saw that the man was obviously finding it refreshing, he carefully noted the appearance of the bark, leaf and fruit and questioned the man about it. The Cow Trees range from Costa Rica southward to Ecuador and across northern South America, usually in areas of high rainfall. The trees are known to the local inhabitants by such diverse names as "Vaco," "Lechero," "Mastate" and "Palo de Leche." Mr. Allen says that the earliest, and probably best, description of the tree is that of the great naturalist and explorer Humboldt (1769-1859), who saw it on the north coast of Venezuela. "For many weeks," he wrote, "we have heard a great deal of a tree whose juice is a nourishing milk. The tree itself is called the Cow Tree, and we are assured that the Negroes on the farm, who are in the habit of drinking large quantities of this vegetable milk, consider it highly nutritive." To obtain the milk from the tree, a number of gashes are made in the bark, and a leaf is then inserted at the bottom of the lower gash to act as a spout when the latex starts flowing. Mr. Allen says that in

THE LEAVES AND FRUIT OF A REMARKABLE TROPICAL TREE: THE COW TREE, WHICH SHEDS ITS LEAVES DURING THE MID-WINTER DRY PERIOD.

[Continued below.]



MILKING THE COW TREE: AFTER THE BARK HAS BEEN GASHED—AS SHOWN HERE—A SPOUT IS MADE FROM A LEAF AND A CONTAINER PLACED BENEATH IT.

[Continued.] its original state the latex can hardly be distinguished from fresh cream, and it tastes like the real article in coffee. He adds: "After some exposure to the air, the taste tends to become chalky and slightly bitter. Some of its detractors even say it then resembles milk of magnesia or whitewash. Within about twenty-four hours it solidifies in the tapping cuts to form a chicle-like substance. About



"WHIPPED CREAM" FROM A TREE: A VIEW OF THE TRUNK OF A COW TREE, SHOWING THE DELICIOUS LATEX FLOWING INTO A GLASS BENEATH THE LEAF SPOUT.

two years ago I brought a pint of it to Palmar, and we found that it could be chilled, whipped and flavoured with sugar and vanilla extract to provide an acceptable substitute for whipped cream. We served it on pie to neighbours, and they did not realise that it was anything unusual. Animals, however, at least dogs and cats, will not touch it."

LAST week I wrote about the prospects of forming the European Defence Community. This week I am surveying the French policy on a broader scale, but taking in some developments in the discussions on E.D.C. since the former article. I need not apologise for returning to that subject. There can be no doubt that E.D.C. has, since the Berlin Conference, come back into the limelight or that its appearance now is more favourable than for some time. I confess that I considered it to be nearly dead not long ago. It is more lively now, though it has serious obstacles to pass, all of them in France. At least, France has got the Government with which E.D.C. is most likely to make progress and faces the best and most statesmanlike German Federal Chancellor with whom she is ever likely to have to deal. The very fact that the opponents of E.D.C. in France are making such strenuous efforts to defeat it or postpone it provides evidence that they are taking it more seriously than ever.

This time, however, I am trying to put E.D.C. into its setting. I shall not say anything about resistance to it in Germany, partly because this is less sharp than in France, partly because I am particularly studying French policy. The subject most closely connected with E.D.C. is the future of the Saar, because both affect France and Western Germany directly and closely. Western Germany has no present connection with Asiatic affairs, but from the French point of view they certainly have a connection with E.D.C. and with France's European policy in general. The issue in Indo-China is now as much to the fore as E.D.C. In some ways this is accidental and due to the reverses which have been suffered in that country. Yet for years the war in Indo-China has exercised an adverse influence upon French military power in Europe, while nervous feelings about E.D.C. have been prompted by the relative French weakness in that continent.

In Germany, the Bill of Constitutional Amendments, necessary for the ratification of the treaties, was carried through two stages in the Bundestag by the end of February. For the moment the Chancellor halted at that. He had no doubt of his ability to carry the process through, but it was apparently his opinion that to go further would have an unfortunate effect in France. On March 3 the French Foreign Affairs Committee requested the Government to inform the Bonn Government that France, standing upon her rights of occupation, would oppose the promulgation of the measures passed by the Bundestag if they were confirmed by the other Chamber, the Bundesrat. In any case, the Chancellor will have to think again if France fails to ratify the treaty. Everything now depends on that. Chancellor Adenauer is therefore marking time. But he is not doing so with reference to the other point at issue: the future of the Saar. This is also a difficult business and one which naturally arouses strong feelings in Germany. Dr. Adenauer has been criticised as having shown himself too easy-going on the subject.

Progress on the Saar has been stuck for six months, and no one knows what has been happening behind the scenes. It may be suspected that nothing has been happening. The aim would appear to be an international régime, guaranteed by France, Germany, the United States and the United Kingdom, but at the same time preserving a German national claim and according to France some political and important economic privileges. If the two Governments agree—a fairly big "if"—it is an arrangement which might prove convenient and useful for a certain time. That it should last a dozen years seems unlikely, but perhaps the negotiators on neither side expect that. The Chancellor's flying visit to talk to M. Bidault will hardly settle the question, and it must be supposed that there will be hard bargaining before a settlement is reached. The business seems reason for some wry reflection on E.D.C. because, if that were taken at its face value, the future of the Saar would not be a matter of as great importance and as controversial as it is. However, there the two affairs stand. On E.D.C. the question is only whether France can be persuaded to take action; on the Saar agreement has to be reached, and that is difficult for both sides.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

FRANCE FACES DECISIONS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Peace by negotiation in Indo-China has long been advocated by personalities and parties outside the Government, but it is only recently that official spokesmen have fairly and squarely stated that this is their policy. The words of M. Laniel on March 5 were categorical. At the same time he announced himself in favour of a general settlement in Asia to be obtained by negotiations between all interested powers, including Soviet Russia and China. The first point which occurred to me when I read these words was that the quest for an armistice in Korea was, owing to the nature of the operations, simplicity itself, yet it lasted some two years. We need not be pessimistic enough to measure Indo-China by the same yard-stick, but if we did, an armistice there would take about five years. In Indo-China there are no continuous fronts; indeed, no fronts at all in the sense of Korea. The opposing sides are intermingled almost inextricably. Only in the Red River Delta are conditions such that a cessation of arms could be relatively easily controlled.

M. Laniel remarked that in the Delta there would have to be a belt of neutralised ground during the negotiations, as there was in Korea. In central Viet Nam there would have to be a series of areas controlled

aircraft, and the civil companies using it report losses the equivalent of £2,000,000. No information is forthcoming at the time of writing about military loss. The grave setbacks here, in Laos, and elsewhere cannot be laid to the charge of M. Laniel. They are the responsibilities of a long series of ephemeral French Governments which have never been able to muster the necessary support, have never been

generous enough to the friendly nationalist movement, have never fought the war in the only way which offered a prospect of success, and could not even make up their minds to a composition until the situation had worsened. They had to face both a political and a military problem, and they have not solved either.

As regards the connection between European and Indo-Chinese affairs, the first and most obvious point is that, if the burden of the latter were sensibly lightened, France would have at her disposal greater strength for her defence in Europe. In particular, she would be able to keep at home a larger proportion of the officers and professional sub-officers, the lack of whom has been debilitating to her European forces. The second point is that a rearméd Western Germany would not assume as great a preponderance on the Continent as is the case at present. Thirdly, a cease-fire would be popular, as bringing to an end the spilling of French blood in a war for which there is no enthusiasm. Yet it remains to be seen whether world Communism attributes equal importance to these considerations, which from its point of view might furnish a reason for keeping the cauldron on the boil. Even if Viet Minh should prove more accommodating than seems likely, France, if she

means to stand by her friends in Indo-China as she has proclaimed, will not be able to call her military leaders home in any appreciable numbers for some time.

If my review appears unkindly, the criticisms I have made have long been elementary factors to a number of French soldiers. I do not pretend to know the views of any French statesmen on the subject, but I imagine that these factors have been equally clear to some of them. Wars of a colonial type have been conducted in older days without public opinion at home taking much interest in them, for or against. This is not the case to-day, certainly not as regards a war of the scope and duration of that in Indo-China or involving comparable casualties. Such a war has an important political background, even without taking into account the situation in Europe and the links which I have indicated as existing between it and Indo-China. Public opinion counts heavily—witness, for example, the recent attacks on Mr. Lyttelton, which his bearing and sincerity have brought to an end. A Government conducting such a war must be united enough to speak as one, with backing enough from the people to permit it to take unpopular

measures when necessary, and determined enough to avoid the weakness of half-measures.

Frenchmen in Indo-China have given of their best, in thousands of cases the most that any men can give, their lives. Behind them, unfortunately, they have had short-lived political coalitions which have never coalesced. Intermittently, great efforts have been made, and the sum of them amounts to an enormous enterprise. Yet the political background has not been consistent, because the men who have wanted to fight to victory have lacked the power to do so. The result has probably been, as often happens in war, a heavier drain in the long run than more vigorous methods would have entailed. I trust that, whatever be the upshot, it will not render ineffective the courage and sacrifices of the French in Indo-China or of those young troops of Viet Nam who have fought at their side. I trust that it will not prove a triumph to Communism in Southern Asia. For France the whole affair has been an agonising problem, but that is a feature of many wars, or most. Defence in Europe—the spectacle of an incredibly vital Western Germany assuming an individual nationhood—the unending and disappointing struggle in Indo-China—how are they to be reconciled? The question has long remained unanswered, but an answer to it must be found, and further lapse of time is hardly likely to make it easier.

SWEETNESS GALORE: QUEENSLAND SUGAR AWAITING SHIPMENT.



AN INDICATION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUGAR INDUSTRY TO QUEENSLAND: HUGE PILES OF SUGAR AT HAMBLEDON MILL, CAIRNS, A CITY THE QUEEN WAS DUE TO VISIT ON MARCH 13.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due, on March 13, to visit Cairns, Queensland, Australia's most remote city—250 miles north of its next neighbour, Townsville—which lies in the centre of one of the most prosperous provinces in the Commonwealth and is the official port for a hinterland ranking among the richest agricultural regions in the world. The area which surrounds Cairns is one of the centres of Queensland's sugar industry, which was founded by Captain Louis Hope in 1863, and now is estimated to support one-quarter of the State's population and to employ 90,000 workers in all. The sugar mills are self-contained units, with their own transport systems and generating their own electricity. The industry is carried on entirely by white labour, and there is no waste product connected with it. The crop residue known as *bagasse* provides fuel for the factories, the mud obtained in clarification of the juice is used as fertilizer, and the molasses obtained goes to distillers for alcohol production and is sold to farmers for stock food and fertilizer. The "raw sugar" is shipped from the mills to refineries in each capital city of the Commonwealth. (Drawn by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau.)

by the forces of each side. As regards Laos, complete withdrawal by Viet Minh would be demanded in advance. Demanded, yes, but would it be done? M. Laniel does not seem to have studied the lessons to be learnt from Korea on the subject of dealing with Asiatic Communism in arms. Note, too, that in Korea, though in some respects the end looked like a draw, Communism had failed in its object. The invasion of South Korea had been defeated and most of the United Nations front lay—and still lies—a long way north of the 38th Parallel. In Indo-China the state of affairs is very different. French resistance has never broken down and Viet Minh can have no certainty of being able to subdue the whole country, but the operations of the past months cannot be regarded as anything but serious French reverses, while the general situation has steadily deteriorated. If they ever get as far as the council table, I fear the French are likely to find it unpleasant.

Again, the aim of M. Laniel is most praiseworthy. It is "a peace negotiated with full respect for our national honour, for individual liberties, and for the security of our expeditionary force." This is, however, an aim which will be found difficult to achieve and which, at best, will take long to reach. The material, and even more the moral, effect of the Viet Minh attacks on the civil airport of Hanoi at Gialam must be serious. This bold stroke destroyed a number of



A FAMOUS RENDEZVOUS FOR QUEENSLANDERS AT CAIRNS, THE CITY WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRANGED TO VISIT ON MARCH 13: THE STRAND HOTEL, WHERE, HOWEVER HOT IT MAY BE, NO VISITOR MAY ENTER THE DINING-ROOM WITHOUT WEARING A JACKET.



THE PRIDE OF THE CONSERVATIVE CITIZENS OF CAIRNS, BUT A CAUSE OF TRAFFIC DISLOCATION IN THE ONE-WAY STREET: THE FAMOUS FIG-TREE GROWING OUT OF THE MAIN STREET, WHOSE ROOTS DISTURB THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE HOUSES. IT IS THE SUBJECT OF MUCH LOCAL ARGUMENT.

AUSTRALIA'S MOST REMOTE CITY, WHICH THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO VISIT ON MARCH 13: VIEWS IN CAIRNS, WHICH LIES A THOUSAND MILES FROM BRISBANE, BY THE PEACEFUL WATERS OF TRINITY BAY.

Cairns, which lies on Trinity Bay, on the north-east coast of Queensland, is Australia's most remote city, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to arrive on March 13 from Townsville. Cairns occupies an area of 14½ square miles, and has a population of 16,000. The climate is tropical, and behind the city the purple bastions of the Coast Range look down upon plains where broad savannahs of sugar-canes wave their green fronds like the pennants of an invading army. It is a centre for many excursions, and Green Island, most accessible island of the Great Barrier Reefs—a natural curiosity of great beauty

which the Queen and the Duke were due to see on March 14—may be visited by launch. It may be recalled that Mr. Nevil Shute made an extended tour of North Queensland and the Northern Territories in 1948 and that on his return he wrote "A Town Like Alice." In this novel, conditions of Australian life in the "outback" are described. Alice Springs, Northern Territory, once a rough outpost, now a lively township, is usually called "Alice," and Mr. Shute makes his characters visit Cairns, and then go to the "outback," where they develop a fictitious town "like Alice" by means of energy and organising ability.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE MASTERPIECES OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN UNIQUE EXHIBITS FROM THE GREAT COLLECTION OF

GOLDSMITHS OF THE CENTURIES BEFORE COLUMBUS: THE BANK OF THE REPUBLIC IN BOGOTA, COLOMBIA.



PRE-HISPANIC GOLDWORK FROM THE BOGOTA MUSEUM: CLOAK PINS IN THE FORM OF SCYTHES, THE SECOND FROM THE RIGHT QUIMBAYA STYLE, THE REMAINDER CALIMA.



THREE ANTHROPOMORPHIC FIGURES IN GOLD, IN THE TOLIMA STYLE, MADE BY INDIAN CRAFTSMEN IN COLOMBIA IN THE CENTURIES BEFORE COLUMBUS' DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.



A GOLD BOWL IN THE TOLIMA STYLE AND A GOLD SPOON IN THE CALIMA STYLE: TWO OF THE MAGNIFICENT ITEMS FROM THE GOLD MUSEUM OF THE BANCO DE LA REPUBLICA, BOGOTA, COLOMBIA.



A DIADEM OF GOLD IN THE CALIMA STYLE, WITH NUMEROUS PENDENT ELEMENTS AND WITH HUMAN FACES IN DIFFERING STYLES AND METHODS OF EXECUTION.

THE remarkable gold objects illustrated on these two pages are all from the collection of the Gold Museum of the Banco de la Republica, Bogota, Colombia, and are the work of Indian craftsmen in Colombia in the centuries before Columbus discovered America. The collection was formed in 1939 by the Bank of the Republic of Colombia in an effort to collect and preserve a part of the cultural and artistic patrimony of the nation; and a leading rôle in its foundation and service to the public was played by the present managing director of the Bank, Dr. Luis-Angel Arango. Within the fifteen years of its existence the collection has grown to over 6700 items. During the early part of this year a selection of eighty of the finest pieces has for the first time been exhibited outside the Bank: from January 20 to February 21 at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. (by whose courtesy the

Continued opposite.



A GOLD NECKLACE IN THE CALIMA STYLE. THE CENTRAL MOTIF IS A HUMAN HEAD AND THE REPEATING ELEMENT CAN ALSO BE CONSIDERED AS ANTHROPOMORPHIC.



A GOLD CEREMONIAL VASE IN THE QUIMBAYA STYLE, ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES OF THE GOLD MUSEUM'S COLLECTION AT BOGOTA. ALL KINDS OF GOLDSMITH'S TECHNIQUE WERE USED BY THE INDIAN CRAFTSMEN.



A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL GOLD FLASK IN THE QUIMBAYA STYLE. AMONG THE TECHNIQUES USED BY THE PRE-HISPANIC COLOMBIAN CRAFTSMEN WAS THAT KNOWN AS "CIRE PERDUE."

Continued. photographs on this page are reproduced); and since then at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Their exhibition in New York is the Gold Museum's contribution to the bicentenary celebrations of Columbia University in New York. Indian goldsmiths of that part of South America which is now Colombia have been skilled in the working of gold for some centuries before the Christian era, and it is believed that they had reached an advanced stage by about 500 A.D. Their work shows a variety of techniques—virtually all those known to modern goldsmiths—and is far beyond the simple hammering of most primitive gold-workers. In particular, they used with skill the *cire perdue* method, in which wax is used to hold apart a mould and a core, the wax melted out by means of heat, and the space which the wax had occupied then filled with the molten precious metal.



A PECTORAL, OR BREASTPLATE, OF GOLD IN THE CALIMA STYLE. IT MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE DIADEM ABOVE, BOTH BEARING TWO DIFFERING HUMAN FACES.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some foreign novelists, treated by critics as familiar stuff, whom it would be naïve to recommend, and yet who don't seem to be much enjoyed. Often the critics don't really enjoy them. They may own up to it, in frank though credit-saving terms; or they may draw a veil, which is in vain. Here I am thinking of Franz Kafka. All will agree that this definitive edition of "The Castle" (Secker and Warburg; 15s.) is an event of note, for it includes a hunk of unpublished material: two-and-a-half new chapters at the end, as well as variations, fragments and deletions, for the Kafka fan. But who, except the fans, will make a grab at it? How many readers will be drawn to it, just for fun? I can't help thinking, very few. And possibly the addicts are to blame: because, like K., the baffled pilgrim of this crab's progress to the Mount, they "take everything too seriously." Kafka may be as deep as they suppose; but to the frivolous, untutored eye his masterpiece is hardly more forbidding than "Alice in Wonderland," which in some ways it powerfully resembles.

I don't speak as a crypto-fan; very far from it. No doubt, K. is a seeker for salvation. But as for getting anywhere, it seems to be the whole point that he never will. Those who plug Kafka as a *guru* may, in my judgment, set up house with the platonic swain who "went to sea for nothing but to make him sick." Even the basic postulate, that the "officials" do no wrong, can't be accepted without humbug. Kafka had no real faith in it himself, though he was saddled with it for neurotic reasons. Further, I will concede that allegory is a grind; that there is something far wrong with a novelist whose works have to go on for ever; that they do finally produce a surfeit. And yet, how anybody can be unenthralled—I don't say highbrows, but anyone above the age of twelve—I really can't make out. This is a world that we all know; in dreams, and in the endless, anxious fantasies of childhood, all have been there before. No other fiction is original in the same breath, or true so far under the skin. Or in a manner, so enlivening. "The Castle" ought to get one down; yet in a nightmare shape, it has a gleeful quality of liberation. This is in part the stuff of dream: though it derives, too, from the author's brilliance, his sense of fun—never imparted to the hero—and the pure, sparkling style which, on so many of his addicts, has been thrown away. As for the final chapters, they may be rough, but they were far too good to be suppressed. There are two high lights: K.'s midnight "opportunity," proffered with harrowing elaboration while he is dead asleep, and his long interview with Pepi, the demoted barmaid. Or at least moments of it; the sad and foolish little story of her brightest hour, her talk of life among the chambermaids, and her reply when K. asks, "How long till the spring?" These chapters have now and then a rare simplicity of feeling, a pathetic force, which might have gone out with the roughness.

OTHER FICTION.

Now we return to everyday. "The Blossoming Tree," by Betty Askwith (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), should have been just what I desired. The writer has such talent, and such a captivating talent; but it was never organised enough. Now she *has* organised it; she has turned out a neat, appealing little job—and the effect, alas, is diminution. Readers beginning with this novel will be mildly charmed, but will expect no more of her.

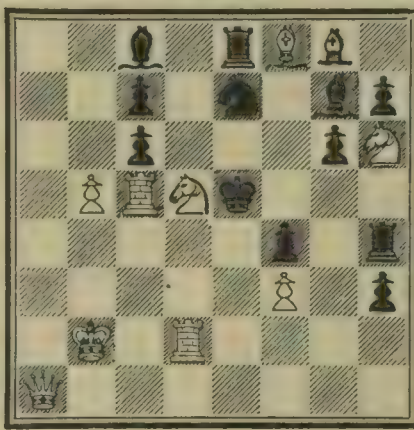
And I should say the dating is responsible. For Catherine Dysart is not a mere young girl, but, in the first place, a Victorian young girl: the daughter of a country baronet, strictly brought up. She has a "best friend," Rose, poor, harum-scarum and resolved to climb—and every bit as period in her own way. Rose is the confidante of her first love-affair, and quietly breaks it up. Because she can't marry the Irish vet.; he knows that too; in fact, he never thought of it, but Catherine is in dead earnest. If she eloped, Rose would be done out of her chance in life. So Charles is scared away; and Catherine survives to make a splendid match with an incomparable husband. Lord Henry Vanroyne comes of a great Whig family—one of the leading families in England; he is kind, gentle and intelligent, immensely rich, and indeed everything but warm. All the cool passion of his nature is reserved for politics. But he is fond of Catherine; and all goes well enough, until she meets the young French socialist, André Lesvignes. Then she is once more in dead earnest. But once more, for a different reason, it is not to be. A sensitive, attractive story of its kind. But for this writer, whose province is the female situation and the female heart, period furnishings are a come-down.

"Jean-Michel," by John Knittel (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), takes us to French North Africa. Père Thiery, an ageing and respected *colon* with a Russian wife, thinks of his eldest son as lost. He went to France as a young lad, and they have seen no more of him. But it is far, far worse when he returns. For Jean-Michel has been through everything—war, deportation and the *maquis*, the iniquities of triumph, the sewers of "existentialist" revolt—and has come out a psychopathic wreck. Yet there is one last chance to cure his shattered health and his destructive, cynical ferocity. At least, he thinks there is; he thinks his father might reclaim him, with authority and love. But though Père Thiery does his best, he is too shocked and outraged to dissemble. Worse, the son's place is filled—filled by a German, an ex-prisoner. And so for Jean-Michel, nothing remains but the abyss. It is an awkward, patchy kind of tale, with some affinity to Robert Hichens, the author's early friend. The outlook wobbles, and half the actors are superfluous. But it has power and interest here and there.

"The Man Who Shot Birds," by Mary Fitt (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), contains a dozen stories, half of them with Georgina in the leading rôle. Georgina is a cat, a graceful Siamese, and a detective born. Though I am fond of cats, I have no great belief in them as sleuths, or even as psychologists; nor is Georgina quite the personality one might expect. One or two stories are in lighter vein, but on the whole, murder abounds; "The Retired Printer" is the horriest. Bird-lovers have their innings in the title-story, where a jackdaw of decided character brings home the guilt. Level, a modest average all through.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THIS week's problem comes from as remotely situated a reader of *The Illustrated London News* as you could wish to find. Mr. E. M. Guest tells us he emigrated to New Zealand in 1897. Nine years later, he went to live in Chatham Island, 480 miles to the east, close to the 180th meridian. Chatham Island, or rather islands, for there is a group of islets, has a total area about the same as Huntingdonshire and a population considerably less—unless you count in the birds.

In this remote spot, Mr. Guest's love of chess could only find one outlet: problems. He became a member of the happiest band of problemists that has ever existed, the Good Companions Problem Club of Philadelphia... how sadly abrupt was its winding-up in 1924, and what a gap it must have left in Mr. Guest's lonely life!

A problem by Mr. Guest appeared in *The Illustrated London News* in 1931.

At this point I must digress and beg you to cover up the lower part of this chess column and keep it covered, for the solution is there. To look at the solution before spending at the very least half-an-hour trying to find it would be almost a sin. Watch for a chiaroscuro of delicate pinning motifs, alternately Black and White; note how, for instance, by 1... K-Q3, Black discovers check to the White king, but White can answer by 2. Kt-B3, interposing against the check and delivering a new discovered check himself. *Read no more! Try to solve!*

I shall give you the key-move and White's second move to Black's main replies. It is interesting, and not easy, even to find only the third-move mates after that. Watch for pins! 1. Q-KKt is the key-move. 1... Kt×Kt (2. Q-Q4) or 1... Kt×B (2. Q-K1) seem to allow short mates. To 1... Kt-B4, white replies 2. Kt×P(B7) dis. ch. To 1... K-Q3 dis. ch, the reply is 2. Kt-B3 dis. ch. To 1... B-K3; 2. R×P with beautiful alternative mates to follow. To 1... R×Kt; or 1... B×B; 2. Q-Kt5ch. To 1... P×Kt or 1... B×Kt or 1... R-Q1; 2. Q-Q4ch with a different mate each time! Finally, to 1... R-R4; 2. Kt-B3 dis. ch.

LATER: Sad, but we find that one of the above variations does not lead to a third-move mate at all—and the problem can be solved by a different first move. Can you find these?

north-western types do much, in themselves, to support the thesis which, as a good journalist, he is careful not to overstate.

The third Far-Eastern book on my list this week—"The Wise Bamboo," by J. Malcolm Morris (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.)—strikes a somewhat more light-hearted note. The author, an officer in the Allied Occupation Forces in Japan, found himself running the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and, unable to cure himself of the habit when he returned to civil life, continued to do so. His guests include inebriated Russians, transient colonels who get themselves into very French-farcical situations, and an assortment of generals, judges and British.

Finally, a journey half-across the globe takes us to North America, the archaeology of which is described by Professor Frank C. Hibben in "Treasure in the Dust" (Cleaver-Hume Press; 25s.). The author is a distinguished authority, and has done much research in a field which has been by no means over-exploited hitherto. He has the gift of presenting his information in a most attractive and readable manner.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TOYS THROUGH THE AGES.

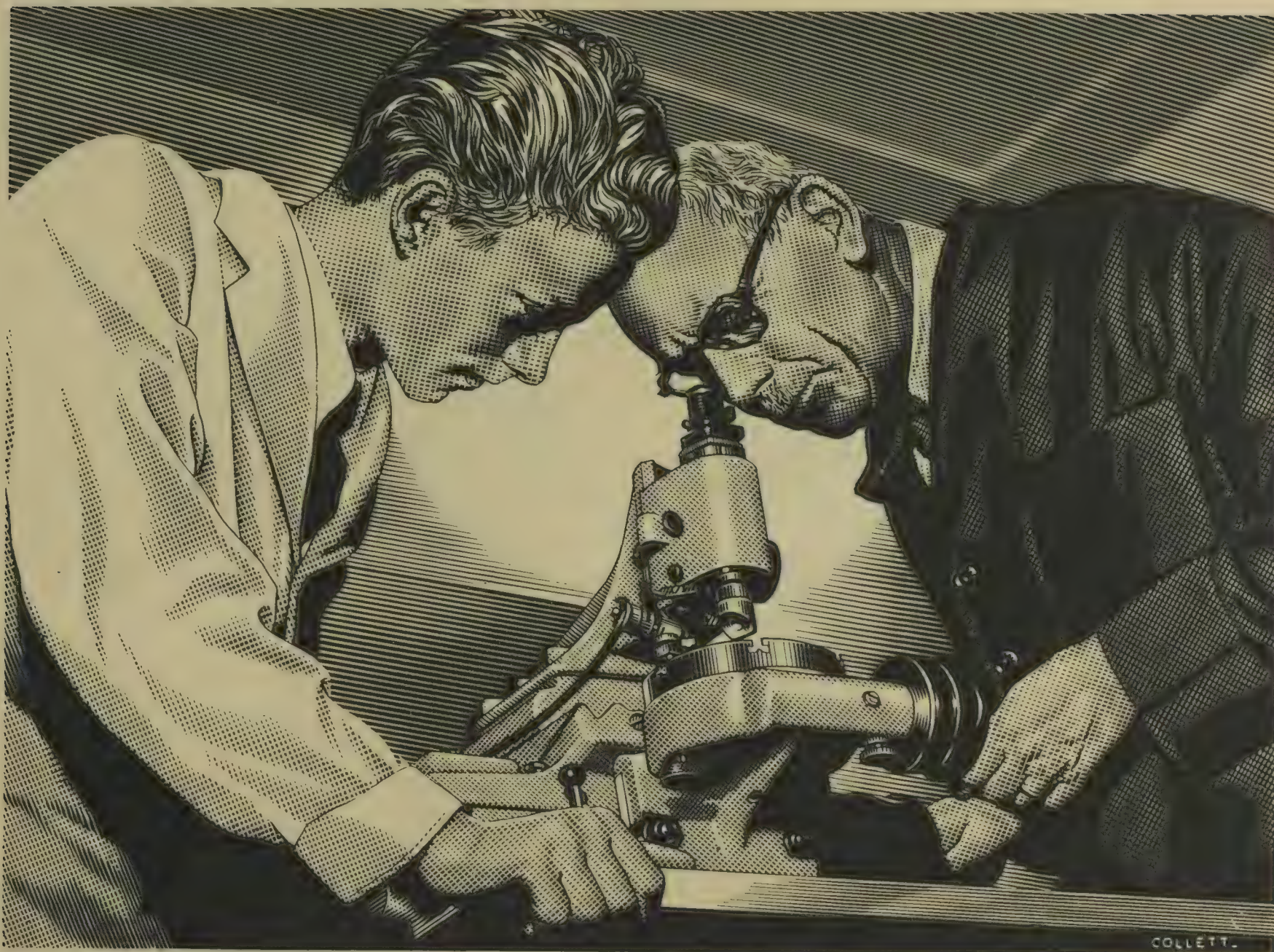
MISS LESLEY GORDON undoubtedly has the best of both worlds. She has written what will certainly become a standard work of reference, with a prodigious quantity of acknowledgments and attributions in the preface, together with grave words of thanks to no fewer than (if I have counted right) twenty-two museums, and she is able to entitle this formidable work of scholarship "Peepshow into Paradise" (Harrop; 25s.). That is because Miss Gordon's speciality is toys down the ages, and while other less fortunate pundits are settling *hoti's* business or isolating the virus of the common cold, Miss Gordon is nursing dolls of the eleventh Egyptian Dynasty, firing a sixteenth-century cap pistol, or winding up a clockwork train. She not only has much the best of it herself, and shares her delightful discoveries out among her readers with the best possible nursery good

manners. She also, if I may indulge in a rash generalisation, talks a good deal more sense than some of her sterner colleagues in the world of specialised learning. "If we give our sons miniature armour or bows and arrows and popguns to play with," she writes, "are we educating them for war? I do not think so. The baby who makes a beeline for the coal-bucket is not necessarily training to become a coalman. The toddler dabbling happily in the soot is not directly preparing to become a sweep." And she quotes the late G. K. Chesterton's "The Terror of a Toy": "Only this Christmas I was told in a toyshop that not so many bows and arrows were being made for little boys, because they were considered dangerous. It might in some circumstances be dangerous to have a little bow. It is always dangerous to have a little boy. But no other society, claiming to be sane, would have dreamed of supposing that you could abolish all bows unless you could abolish all boys." Miss Gordon considers toys in groups—dolls, festival toys, wheel toys, mechanical toys, etc.—and also regionally and historically. (I do not know why I should find it almost unbearably pathetic to learn that: "In the Arctic regions, because trees are unknown, the dolls are made of walrus ivory and drift-woods, dressed in skins of Arctic animals, with occasionally scraps of European fabrics obtained from sailing-ships. Miniature ducks, sea-birds and seals are among the few playthings seen by explorers in the Arctic"—though it gives point to one's instinctive feeling of gratitude that one's childhood was not spent in an igloo.) But it is surely surprising to read that "to-day few scientific toys, as such, remain." Is there to be no atom-splitting in the home at nineteen-and-sixpence, complete with booklet of instructions (no messy ingredients)? Most toys, of course, provide a transient pleasure—some more transient than others. In a very short time now I should like an Edible Easter Hare, which I gather is a speciality of Holland (friends in Utrecht and Rotterdam, please note!).

"Korea" (Harrop; 15s.)—known to its inhabitants, with unintentional irony, as "Land of the Morning Calm"—is the subject of an interesting and objective study by Colonel D. Portway, Master of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, who was the only British member of the United Nations Educational Planning Mission to Korea in 1952-53. It is not to be wondered at that Colonel Portway should come to the conclusion that "for Korea it is education that in the long run matters most," and if one gives "education" the wide, humanistic interpretation that the author obviously intends that it shall bear, he makes out a very good case. He deals frankly with the political problems, and equally frankly with the debatable personality of Dr. Syngman Rhee, whom he describes as open to much criticism, but as "a patriotic Korean and completely outstanding in leadership." He provides a great deal of factual information about the country and its inhabitants, and insists that North and South Korea are indivisible, and that in spite of all ideological pressures, "there can be little doubt that in their heart of hearts Koreans, both north and south of the Parallel, are desperately anxious to be as nearly rid as possible of all foreigners." There is a sound ring of truth about Colonel Portway's judgments, and his short account is of corresponding value.

Mr. Ian Stephens, editor of *The Statesman*, the only British-owned newspaper in the sub-continent of India after partition, resigned his office in 1951 because he felt emotionally torn and professionally thwarted by the unresolved disputes between the successor States of India and Pakistan, especially over Kashmir. In the following year he returned to India as an independent observer, and travelled through West Pakistan, Kashmir, Waziristan and Afghanistan. The result is "Horned Moon" (Chatto and Windus; 21s.), which is not only a lively story of his journey and of the people whom he knows so well, but an important contribution to the history of Partition as it was worked out during the whirlwind months of Lord Mountbatten's Vice-royalty and subsequent Governor-Generalship of India. He felt at the time, and still feels, that the Kashmir account cannot be balanced wholly in favour of India, and he has every reason to describe the subsequent story and the present situation as a tragedy. His illustrations of Pathan, Wazir and other western and

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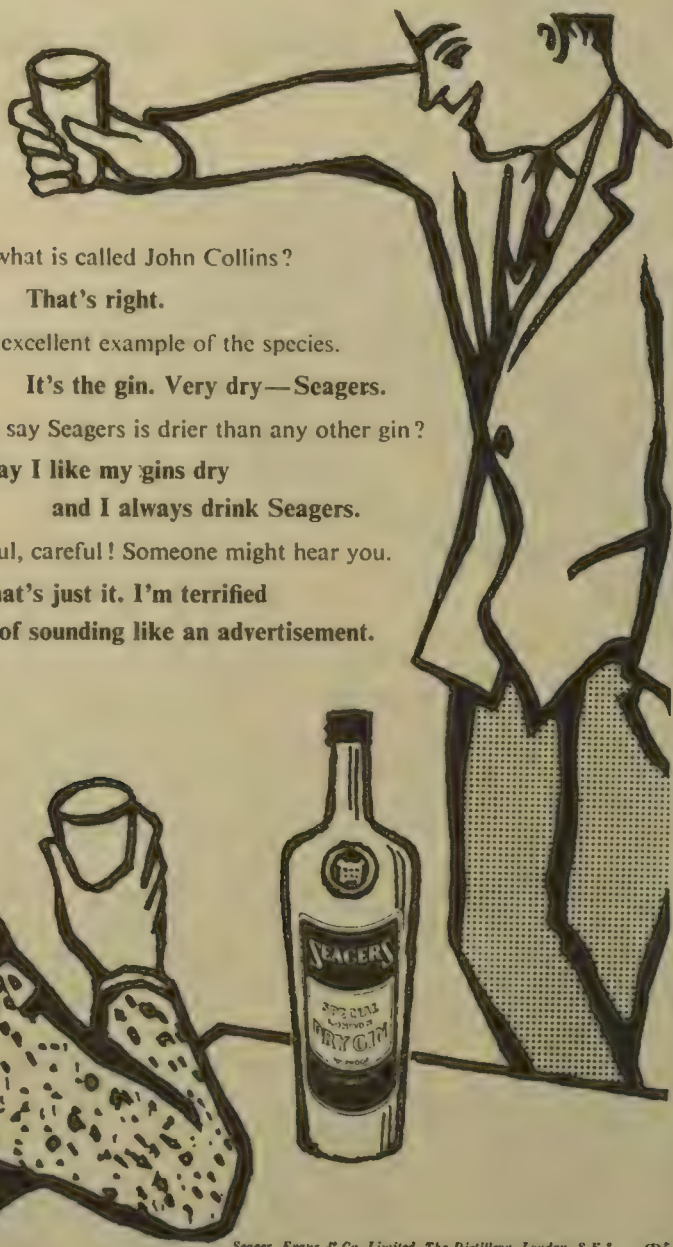
The development of plastics has given industry and the home many useful materials. Polyvinyl chloride is a case in point. Already familiar as curtains and garments and cable coverings, it now provides flexible belting for coal mines which is singularly unaffected by hard wear and tear. In an allied form it is a floor-covering material of exceptional durability. Organic Phosphorus Compounds (for which Albright & Wilson supply the intermediate) are often used as the plasticizers to maintain the flexibility and to make the finished plastic flame-resistant.



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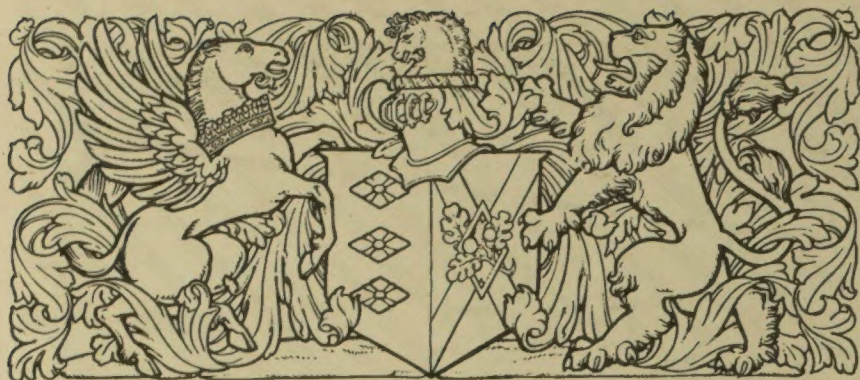


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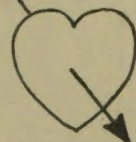
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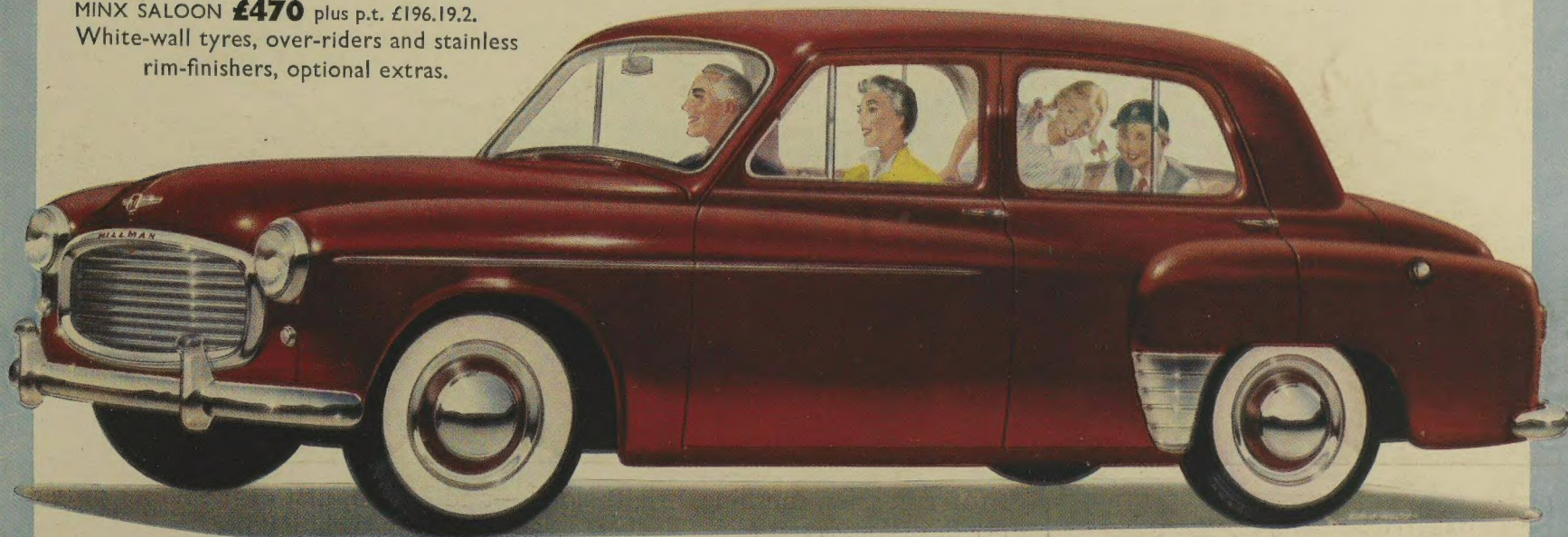
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SHELLGUIDE to *MARCK lanes*

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



LIGHTER skies, sunshine, bright clouds—and March, first of the flowery months. (1) *Blackthorn* is out along hedges, creamy buds and white flowers on ebony twigs exquisite against the blue sky. Meadows begin to shine, the (2) *Daisies* open their eyes (daisy does mean 'day's eye'), and (3) *Dandelion*, suns staring at the sun.

Two more golden flowers are (4) *Lesser Celandine* in damp shade, and (5) *Marsh Marigold* in black marshes and wet green meadows. Along streams, from low meadows to mountains, (6) *Butterbur* now pushes up its fat flower heads, which look at first like some peculiar toadstool. In half-shade is the (7) *Lesser Periwinkle* which 'hath an excellent virtue to stanch bleeding at the nose in Christians.' (8) *Ground Ivy*, not at all like proper (9) *Ivy*, is an aromatic, bitter little herb used to flavour ale before hops were introduced in Henry VIII's day. Most unlike a lily of all the lily family (10) *Butcher's Broom* blossoms now.

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